THE PACIFIC

A religious and family paper

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Light.

Lord, send thy light,
Not only in the darkest night,
But in the shadowy, dim twilight,
Wherein my strained and aching sight
Can scarce distinguish wrong from right—
Then send thy light.

Then teach me to pray,
Not only in the morning gray,
Or when the moonbeam's silver ray
Falls on me—but at high noonday
When pleasure beckons me away,
Teach me to pray.

—*Constance Milman.*

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THE PACIFIC

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"First pure, then peaceable . . without partiality and without hypocrisy"

San Francisco, Cal. W. W. FERRIER, Editor. Thursday, April 11, 1901.

Seed.

"A wonderful thing is a seed—
The one thing deathless ever!
The one thing changeless, utterly true—
Forever old, forever new,
And fickle and faithless never.
Plant love, and love will bloom;
Plant hate, and hate will grow;
You can sow today—tomorrow shall bring
The blossom that proves what sort of a thing
Is the seed, the seed that you sow."

What Shall We Believe Concerning the Pioneer?

What shall we believe concerning the pioneer? is a question that is being asked now, here and there, in California. Frequently the preacher of the gospel who makes reference to events in pioneer times is made the subject of considerable denunciation notwithstanding the fact that he has drawn his information from what he had reason to believe were authoritative sources. Not a little has been said recently in denunciation of a paper read at a recent meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity, although there was nothing as severe in the papers as has been said by accredited California historians, among them John S. Hittell, the historian of the Society of California Pioneers, and Theodore Hittell, his brother. Things have come to such a pass that ministers and others are afraid to make any reference to California history lest they should use something not authoritative, and in this way or through the garbled accounts of reporters, call down on their heads such epithets as have been hurled at certain persons of late and proclaimed through the columns of the newspapers. We have no doubt that some ministers have said in recent interviews some things, somewhat too favorable, of the early moral condition, simply because they feared a statement of facts would be misconstrued. We should be true to history. The truth can never harm any one. When we say that Chicago is a terribly wicked city today we do not say that there are not thousands of good people in Chicago, and no man living there has any reason to assert that we are slandering him or his relatives. To say that there was, in pioneer times in California, a waywardness and wickedness unequaled elsewhere at that time in any one community among an equal number of people, and that there is nothing today that will parallel it, is not to cast reproach upon any living pioneer nor upon his descendants or ancestors. We have come up out of that period with a manhood and womanhood in general of credit to the State. The pioneers are honored everywhere, and there is no attempt on the part of anyone publicly to pick out the foibles and mistakes and sins of the past and label any man with them.

But there can be no escape as a State from our past. Its seeds remain with us. The pages of the years have been written one by one. There are lessons there to be learned, and it is but fair that all should have opportunity to learn them. So believing, we have consulted the records and present to our readers some phases of life in that early period. If we are in error we shall welcome correction on the part of the Pioneer Society or from any person able to furnish a correct account. If found incorrect then we shall suggest the destruction of all California histories that have been written up to date and the publication in their places of others that shall give the facts, for in no instance has one been misquoted, misstated or misconstrued.

The reader of our article on "Pioneer Days" will perceive that Bancroft has not been quoted at all. Captain W. F. Swasey, who came to California in 1845, and who in 1891 wrote a book entitled "Early Days of California," says of Bancroft's history that "it rarely alludes to a pioneer without a sneer or a slur." It is not so bad as that, but Bancroft, at times, is not fair in his characterization of the pioneers. Although there is much in his history that is authoritative, knowing his unfair or erroneous treatment of persons and questions at times, and the feeling of many pioneers against him, we have refrained from making quotation from, or reference to, his his writings, as to the present matter.

Pioneer Days.

The California pioneers were neither worse nor better than other pioneers. None of them were saints, nor were they all sinners. During the later Mexican occupation just such a class of people came to California as had long been reaching out to other desirable and sparsely settled portions of the continent. Many of them had that disposition so characteristic of the pioneer of the Eighteenth century and the early part of the Nineteenth—a disposition to prefer the far-reaching solitudes of the wilderness to the society of the regions where people were making permanent homes, and accordingly pushed ever on toward the great unknown West as settlements

were made in those regions in which they had for a time tented. The immigrant families were no better and no worse than those which at an earlier day found their way in advance to the wilds of Kentucky and other central regions of our country, from one of which sprang Abraham Lincoln, one of the best and greatest men this land has produced. There were the good and the bad, and each left its impress. Josiah Royce tells in "California," in the American Commonwealth Series, of trappers and other like homeless wanderers before 1846, who were commonly a far worse set than the people whom they found here—the native Mexicans and Spanish—"a fact which these vagabonds themselves were not slow to realize, and one which inspired them individually with the most violent hatred and disgust toward all the rightful owners of the land."

Among the earliest settlers were the traders, or merchants, who came to participate in that trade which the trading vessels began at an early date to build up between this Coast and our Atlantic ports. Generally, they were men of fair character and ability. Notable among these, because of the prominent part had in those measures which led to the American acquisition, was Thomas O. Larkin of Monterey, and who after a residence there of about a dozen years was made by the Government United States Consul.

The war with Mexico and the American occupation brought the United States soldier. As usual there came with the soldiers a few women and children, largely the families of the officers; and additional wholesome influences were added to that good family life and influence already introduced by many of the immigrants and traders. Naturally, those early settlers led a life somewhat easy and irresponsible. They were foreigners—the country being under Mexican rule—and it was not for them to shape the institutions of the land; they had to take things very much as they found them; and if they took fair care of themselves, did not need to concern themselves much about others. So, at least, it seemed to them, and so we find it in every country situated as this was at that time.

The American occupation and possession, of course, changed this, and all the machinery for the making of well-ordered society began to be set in motion.

Soon, then, the discovery of gold brought men and women from all parts of the world. Every condition of society was represented in that gold-incited immigration. Men of as sterling worth as any whose feet have ever trod the continent were a part of that throng. And they came up out of the trying experiences of those years with characters unsullied. But there were others—men of good character when they came—who did not thus emerge. In their contact with the evil with which they were surrounded they were contaminated, and swelled the list which was fast making a record for prodigal living such as would soon astound the whole land.

In "The History of San Francisco," written in 1878 by John S. Hittell, the historian of the Society of California Pioneers, and dedicated to that pioneer society, it is said: "There never was a more extravagant wasteful and dissipated set of men than the old placer miners. They who had been sober and industrious, and had saved money when they earned sixteen dollars a month, before coming to California, became idle and drunken, and saved nothing when they earned two hundred dollars. This was not the universal rule, but the custom was more common than elsewhere."

This, let it be remembered, is the record of the historian of the Society of California Pioneers.

Theodore H. Hittell, who has written the history of California at length, a history accredited by a prominent place in our public libraries, says: "Many of the men who considered it a piece of wicked extravagance to buy bread, because they could save a few dimes by making it themselves, thought nothing of spending from fifteen to twenty dollars a night with their friends in the bar room." Nevertheless, this historian bears witness as follows: "It may still be reiterated that the pioneers were the most active, industrious and enterprising body of men in proportion to their numbers that was ever thrown together to form a new community." This is his conclusion after writing not only of their drinking, but also of their gambling.

Concerning San Francisco in 1849 Hittell says: "Every hotel and saloon had its faro, its monte, its roulette, its ronda, its rouge-et-noire, its vingt-et-un; and nearly everybody patronized them. The more stylish gambling places were fitted out at the most lavish expense, with gorgeous furniture. French mirrors and still Frenchier pictures, blazing chandeliers, exquisite music and the most beautiful and magnificently dressed women that nature and art between them could produce. Enormous sums were sometimes staked on the turn of a single card. Fortunes were not unfrequently lost in a single night. Miners returning from the interior with the earnings of months and the promise of comfort for the remainder of their lives fell victims by scores and by hundreds to the allurements and temptations of the brilliant spectacles and exciting contests presented to their eyes and imaginations. Thus a large part of the honest labor of the country went to foster and pamper and swell the vice and fraud and far-reaching demoralization of this unfortunate characteristic of the infant city."

Taking the entire State Hittell says: "In no part of the world perhaps was there so much gambling and so much drinking as in California. Not everybody gambled nor everybody dissipated. But so many did, and the gambling houses and drinking saloons were such public and well-patronized places of resort that it almost seemed as if everybody was addicted to those vices."

And Hittell says further: "Revelers circulated from groggery to store and from store to tent, wild with intoxication, shouting and hurrahing, brandishing bowie knives in sport, or shooting their rifles at any mark they fancied, with the bullets often driven but half-way home and the ramrods still in the barrels. Others would leap into the saddle, and yelling with excitement gallop furiously in every direction, regardless of obstacles, and frequently at the imminent risk of their lives."

Different writers—Theodore Hittell being one—referring for authority to an article in a pioneer magazine, written by Mrs. Laura A. K. Clapp, write of a Christmas-time bacchanal in 1851, at Indian Camp on Feather river, which is perhaps without parallel in American history. After an oyster and champagne supper the men began to dance, and so continued all night, and the carousing was uninterrupted for four days. "On the fourth day they began a most unearthly howling—some bellowing like bulls, some barking like dogs, some hissing like serpents and geese. Many were too far gone to imitate anything but their own animalized selves. The scene was an illustration of the fabled transformations of Circe—all were swine. And yet, among those bacchanals were some of the most respectable and respected men in that part of the country. Many of them had resided there for a year and more and had never been intoxicated before. But it seemed as if they had been suddenly seized with an unaccountable mania for pouring liquor down their throats, and everything conspired to foster and increase the propensity."

Among the organizers of the Pioneer Society of California, and always highly respected by all its members, was the Rev. Dr. J. A. Benton. In 1852, Mr. Benton gave in Sacramento, while pastor of the Congregational church, a series of lectures under the general title of "The California Pilgrim." Believing that a general reading of those lectures would do good a number of persons—among them D. O. Mills and A. C. Sweetser, both of whom are now rounding out long and useful lives—requested their publication. Let us take a few pictures from that little volume of lectures, setting forth some of the things the pilgrim saw and heard. One night, as the pilgrim and some of his friends were viewing a town they came upon some very fine buildings, on a leading street, illuminated at every window above and below. "The doors were all thrown open. The rooms were so arranged that one could look from the street through two or three in succession. All were elegantly finished, provided with the most costly furniture, hung with splendid tapestry and beautifully carpeted. Perfumes were wafted through them, and the soft light that fell from astrals gave the whole scene an air of enchantment. Moving about within were gay women in splendid attire. The pianos sounded and then came the melody of voices attuned to familiar airs. For a moment they might have seemed the abodes of innocence and beauty. But they noticed now how flaring and gaudy were the colors of the walls, the hangings and the dresses. Females came and lounged in the front saloons, talked unblushingly with men at the doors, and nodded familiarly to one and another that passed in with entire freedom. Men occupying all sorts of stations in life came there, and those of every age. None were as yet noisy and drunken, but all the means and appliances for a midnight revel were at hand. There were crowds now collecting in the streets. Many among them were bearded miners from the mountains, others were strangers in the city, and all were roving about in quest of excitements."

At another time in an evening walk the pilgrim and his companion are represented as coming upon a place where miners were dancing amid clouds of dust in all wildness and abandon with such companions as vulgar, smoking, painted, swearing females can make. "They were cheered on by dinning, crashing music and the bravos of spectators. Between the sets all adjourned to the bar. In the sitting room were the postmaster and deputy sheriff playing cards with their favorite courtesans. On the piazza was the principal doctor with a senorita on his lap, and he had a young wife at home. The law partner of the Justice of the Peace was gallanting another Spanish woman about the streets."

In one of those gilded palaces of death, when a man had been shot down one night, the band continued its playing while the man lay upon a gaming table gasping and dying, while at nearly all the tables the games went on as if nothing more than the kicking of a dog had occurred. A notorious strumpet staggered about, loud with profanity and obscenity. Without commiseration, without a touch of sympathy, that dying man passed away, even as he died one in the room seeking to excite merriment by making remarks concerning the changes and contortions in the face of the dying man. If ever there were a hell on earth, said the friend of the pilgrim as he told him the story, he thought it could be like nothing else than that.

One Sunday from a quiet retreat the pilgrim and his companions overlooked a village into which crowds of teams had streamed on Saturday night and Sunday morning. From one wagon there was the peddling of fruit, from another the retailing of notions, from others clothing and boots and shoes were being sold. "Merchants were auctioneering at their doors and teamsters from their wagons. Music and the clangor of trumpets pealed incessantly, or, in vocal utterances, screeched and screamed from the saloons and groggeries. Bar-keepers were in demand, and there was heard the popping of corks, the ringing of glasses, the jingling of decanters and rattle and din of every sort. All was exhilaration, excitement, activity, motion, life. * * * All was bewilderment. Men forgot where they were, why they come, what the day was for, when they should depart and wherewith."

Toward evening, it is said that the throngs in the street lessened, the clamors and appeals of the auctioneers and peddlers and merchants ceased, while the songs and shouts of mirth and revelry rather increased, "and there began to be boasting, scolding, loud altercations, quarreling, fighting, and shooting here and there." The closing hours of the day had seen men on foot with great packs on their backs, various kinds of vehicles and pack-horses and mules heavily laden, departing for the mines. For many of those who remained think of the enticingly illuminated saloons and gambling rooms and dance halls, with their abandoned women, and the story of the night can be filled in by any one. But the pictures are enough to place vividly before the reader certain phases of that pioneer life. We must summarize now. B. E. Lloyd, who wrote "Lights and Shades of San Francisco," published by the A. L. Bancroft Co., in 1876, says concerning the city: "Robbery and murder were of daily occurrence. No man was safe. Even in the broad light of day and in the most populous parts of the city theft and murder were committed, and at night the glitter of steel and the sharp report of the pistol was seen or heard in every direction." This may seem somewhat florid and overdrawn. But John S. Hittell, the historian of Society of California Pioneers, says: "Though grave crimes had been committeed in large numbers none of the offenders had been punished. The police were inefficient if not criminal, and the judges and prosecuting attorneys showed no zeal in their business. The people saw that if they wanted an effective administration of justice they must take charge of it themselves."

Lest any should say that in these pictures we have given only a few detached instances of remarkable evil conditions, and that the prevailing state was different and better, let it be remembered that the pictures serve to corroborate the brief statements of the accredited historians who are quoted, and are given only to make more vivid the actual conditions ruling in very many localities and which led Dr. Benton to say: "Accordingly, we know human nature in its leanings and capabilities as the great mass of our contemporaries do not, and never can until they are in positions like ours." It was this same beloved man, honored to his death by the pioneers, who s id in 1852, concerning the Sabbath: "The profanation of the day, that prevails generally in the mining districts is alarming, is dreadful. * * * If you travel up and down our rivers, ravines and mountains, you will have every religious sensibility shocked, if not every human one wounded."

Thus far we have presented only one side of the life of that early period. There is a brighter side. If there had not been this brighter side we should not have the California that we have today.

At first there was with the large majority no sense of responsibility. Men were here in general for gold. They expected when they found it, or accumulated it, to

go where life seemed to be more worth living. Accordingly, very many good men looked somewhat indifferently on all this disorder, either with the thought that it did not much concern them, or that they were powerless to correct it, and that in time in the natural order a change must come for the better. At length it was discerned by many, as time passed on, and they began to regard themselves as likely to be in the country not for a brief time only, that their very existence, all that made life worth living, and the future of the State were menaced by the disreputable element. It was then, as Hittell says, that they saw that if they were to have an effective administration of justice they must take charge of it themselves. But to such extremities had things gone that it was impossible finally to take charge of it except through the Vigilance Committees. But men were found who were equal to the emergency, and lawlessness began to subside, and the State to foreshadow a future which would rank it morally and socially with the other States of the Union.

Prominent in the bringing about of this change for the better were the Christian churches. Preachers of the gospel were here from the first—heroic men of God, who did not hesitate to declare to the people that it behooved them to lay foundations in truth and righteousness, in the fear of the Lord and in obedience to his laws. In the churches there were noble laymen who helped to lay right foundations. On a memorial tablet in the First Congregational church of San Francisco, bearing the name of Frederick S. Hawley, a deacon from the organization of the society in 1849 to 1857 when he went down on the ill-fated steamship "Central America," may be read today the words: "Amid all the excitements and distractions of pioneer life in California he was an active and consistent Christian." Here also stood David N. Hawley, a charter member of the same church, a familiar figure in business and religious circles yet today, who from purely missionary motives went out to help form the Howard Presbyterian church, of whom Rev. Dr. Willey has said in his history of the church, "He was a man who was never weary in well-doing." And there were Frederick Billings and Annis Merrill and scores of others who stood nobly for righteousness.

Among those who came at an earlier day was John Bidwell, concerning whom, at his death last year, The Pacific said that the young men of California would do well if they lived as he lived.

The miner who pointed to his well-worn Bible lying on the rocky side of a ravine in which he was working, and who remarked that he found there something better than gold, was one only of many who kept the faith amid all the temptations of that period, and whose lives have entered into all that is good and enduring today. And here, lest injustice be done some noble spirits, let it be recorded that there were men who were not professing Christians, who stemmed the tide of evil and helped to lay the foundations aright.

Of honorable women in those days there were not a few. But to be true to history, it must be said, as Theodore Hittell says in his third volume, that "in the 1848 and 1849 periods there were very few refined women in the country, and in most of the mining regions there were no women at all until years afterward." Let no one think that this smirches the character of the good women well known to have been here. Mr. Lloyd, previously quoted, says: "Although, among the few women that had arrived in those earlier years, were some noble mothers, wives and daughters, the greater number were of that adventurous class whose influence is more demoralizing than ennobling. And these latter were the vilest of the kind."

It was of this class, and this class only, that an Oakland minister spoke recently in the Congregational Ministers' Meeting, and yet he is today denounced all over the State. The Pacific believes, for this and other reasons, that the time has come for it to speak plainly. Certainly such time has come, when a circular denouncing Congregational ministers, who have said nothing other and worse than the historians have said, seems about to go out from the Society of Pioneers, misled and irritated by newspaper reports. As requested in our introductory editorial, let us know what is fact and what fiction, what is truth and what falsehood.

But to return to the noble women, not a few of whom are living yet today, and whose lives are a benediction. We do not wonder that whenever any such arrived in those earliest years men who had long been absent from home and loved ones crowded around to see them pass, and that often brawny, stalwart fellows would press forward to touch the soft, tiny hands of a baby, or snatch it from the mother's arm and kiss it joyously. It was the coming of these women and the making here of homes that saved California. This very week some of those women are to have the pleasure of attending in San Francisco the fiftieth anniversary of the Protestant Orphan Asylum, an institution founded by them and others in those early days. Coming when they did, and planting the true home where there had been such a weakening of restraints, such a letting down of principle, and fostering also the Church, as many of them did, these pioneer women are worthy all honor. So, also, every man who did his duty as God gave him to see that duty. With those from whom better things might reasonably be expected, but who failed, and those who failed for a time, all may well be charitable. Many of the latter class have since lived so as to honor the nation that cradled them; and as for the others, with all their faults, they had good qualities. Often they were of the kindest disposition, worse to themselves than to others; and often recognizing and honoring the right, though not walking that way themselves. Around a $20 gold piece dropped into a hat at Coloma at a preaching service in 1849 was a note reading: "I design the $20 for Mr. R. because he fearlessly dealt out the truth against the gamblers. The $10 are for Mr. D." It was signed by the leading gambler in the town. Down deep in nearly every heart there was a recognition of the obligation of right living. The leaven of good kept on working. In every mining camp and in every village there were good men who did not fail to let their light shine. In many a home in valley and on hillside, after a time, there were women who sent their influence on down the years by living lives true to their households, mindful of their social relations, and faithful to their Christian vows. In business there was with many, professing Christians and non-professing, an integrity that counted much for the upbuilding of character. And so in one way and another men and women, everywhere, coming to realize by sad experience and otherwise that righteousness has the promise of this life as well as the one that is to come, began to help to build that structure in which, so far as it is worthy, all Californians delight today.

The Rev. Dr. Cuyler, who is spending a few weeks in California, has preached the gospel for fifty-five years and has written more than four thousand articles for religious papers. Writing recently from Redlands to the New York Evangelist he paid an old Quaker friend a fine compliment, as follows: "There are other men of wealth who have splendid mansions and villas in the environs, but none have enriched this community like my beloved old Quaker friend, Mr. Albert K. Smiley."

Notes.

The Pacific Theological Seminary scholarship for the highest average grade in studies was received this year by Mr. T. Demura, the Japanese student. What will Miss Denton—already so enthusiastic over Japan—say when she hears of this?

President Tucker of Dartmouth College is on a Western trip and is announced to speak in the pulpit of the First Congregational church of San Francisco next Sunday. If possible, he will be secured for an address at the Ministers' Meeting on Monday.

The Rev. O. C. Wheeler of the Baptist church was one of the first Protestant missionaries to California. When he died, some years ago, he was buried at Sacramento. The Baptists of the State will place soon a monument over his grave. It is said that his widow recently passed in Oakland her one hundredth birthday.

Evidently the First Congregational church of Oakland has cast the net on the right side, forty-four persons uniting on confession of faith last Sunday. Of this number thirty-three came from the Sunday-school as the result of Decision Day effort, combined with personal work on the part of the teachers and the pastor.

The First Presbyterian church of Oakland rejoices over the arrival of its new pastor, the Rev. Dr. E. E. Baker, who was called recently from Cleveland, Ohio. Dr. Baker has been in the work of the Presbyterian ministry about four years only. Before going to Cleveland he was pastor of the leading Lutheran church at Dayton, Ohio, for eleven years.

A donation of $60,000 to Pacific Theological Seminary by one person has been announced. Of this amount $50,000 are for a lectureship foundation. The interest on this fund will be used in furnishing each year a series of lectures on important questions relating to the work of endowment of the president's chair. In all, the donations have amounted to $80,000 during the year.

"I am glad we have conquered the Filipinos," said the Rev. Dr. Adams of the First Congregational church of this city, one day this week, when reporting the generous contribution made by the Filipino member of the church in the effort to liquidate the mortgage indebtedness. And after pledging himself very generously the young man went and began to apologize for not giving more largely.

Many of the reviews of the new book by Prof. F. H. Foster of Pacific Theological Seminary are highly commendatory. The Interior writes of it as follows: "The work is profoundly evangelical. In its own way it is a 'Gospel for an Age of Doubt,' because it brings living witnesses to the reality of religion as a vital force, operative and beneficent. While Charles Loring Brace, some twenty years ago, defended Christianity by its philanthropies, in his 'Gesta Christi', and Dr. Storrs later treated the same theme from its world-wide change in standards of conduct, in his 'Divine Origin of Christianity Proven by Its Effects,' Professor Foster comes to the support of his predecessors in a study of the change wrought in the individual, his emotions, aspirations and possibilities. That it is worthy to occupy a place by the others we have just mentioned is praise enough." The title of the book is "Christian Life and Theology." It was reviewed in The Pacific several weeks ago.

There was not a happier church on the Pacific Coast than the First Congregational of this city last Sunday, when the announcement came that the money had been pledged for the payment of the mortgage that was placed on the church building just after its sad experience in 1896. It is not surprising that many said that it was the greatest and best day they had ever seen in the church. The auditorium was crowded at both the morning and the evening service, and a worshipful spirit was manifest. It is worthy of note that nearly every member had some part in the pledges for the removal of the debt. That has been a hard indebtedness to handle. Incurred as it was, it was an unpleasant thing to deal with until the church had been thoroughly reunited under its present beloved pastor, and then at his suggestion the effort was made, and already it is as if it were not. The old First church is doing a grand work on the very spot where it was thought, a few years ago, that it might go down to rise no more, there or elsewhere. It has a field just where it is today; it is occupying it well, and will occupy it for many years to come. It is doing better work there than those that have moved are doing elsewhere, or are likely to do in the future—at least for many years.

Having read the recent editorials in The Pacific on the higher criticism, a Chicago friend sent us a copy of the sermon given by Dr. Hillis at the last annual meeting of the American Missionary Association, with the following quoted paragraph marked: "If, twenty years ago, it seemed as if the tides of faith were ebbing away to leave the Church stranded on the beach, now the tides are returning in a flood, whose volume and depth man's plummet may not sound. Gone the era of criticism and destruction. Gone the era of analysis that pulled to pieces the old poems, old histories, old creeds. But if the new astronomy has come, men are warmed by the same old sun. The psychology is new, but reason, memory, judgment are what they were when Plato thought and David dreamed. Now that the creeds are being changed, men see that the obligations of conscience and duty and man's relation to God and Christ remain unaltered. Moreover, men now feel that the era of criticism was an era of mediocrity and second-rate intellect. Of necessity, the age of Pope analyzes, annotates and comments. Conscious of slender intellectual gifts, it dissects, criticises and pulls in pieces the work of greater minds. Later came the era of Robert Burns and Wordsworth, when the tides of genius rose to the flood, and the creative era was manifest, not in analysis, but in outburst of immortal song. And there are the best of reasons for believing that the critical age is now passing into the creative. There is a new spirit in letters, in arts and philosophy and religion. The pendulum that worked far toward doubt, is now swinging back toward faith. There is a growing interest in the permanent elements and great simplicities of Christianity. Men have discovered that he who picks a flower to pieces, loses it. And they have also found out that God made the lily and the daisy to mean, not a mass of petals, torn part from part, but rather types that interpret his love and care and also hours of rapturous delight. And with the new faith has come a new enthusiasm."

In a recent sermon in Broadway Tabernacle, New York, the Rev. Dr. Jefferson said in reference to the assertion that the pulpit has lost its power: "Never has it exercised more power than now. There are in this country 150,000 ministers of the Gospel, and these men speak at least twice every week. There are 300,000 Christian discourses going into the air every week, or 15,000,000 every year, and all this besides millions of printed pages bearing Christian truth. The power of the pulpit, who

can measure it! These 150,000 men are creating an atmosphere in which we live and move and have our being. These millions of sermons have diffused a light and warmth in the air which everybody feels, and men who never pray and never go to church judge things from the Christian standpoint and measure them by Christian standards. And because we do this the world seems to be increasingly wretched. War has a new horror to us because we are outgrowing the barbarism of the past. Few wars have had better justification than those waged within the last three years, but what wars have ever called forth such indignant protest from so many people, and so lain like a mountain of lead on so many consciences and hearts? Never have the rich been so generous, so considerate and so human as they are today, never has gold flowed in such mighty streams for the relief of men; but never have the rich been so berated and feared and hated as they are now. This is because men are increasingly sensitive to the inequalities of social conditions and increasingly responsive to the sufferings of the poor. What then is the cause of the widespread discontent and pessimism? Let us place the blame on the reporters and preachers. The reporters tell us what the world is and the preachers tell us what the world ought to be, and the chasm between the actual and the ideal is so wide and deep that we are tempted to fall back into despondency and despair. But be still, sad heart, and cease repining! Things seems so wretched because we are moving on. Our vision is growing clearer and our conscience is more sensitive and our ears are more acute. In the olden days the dying gladiator was left to die alone. His life-blood ebbed away and no one cared. But the dying gladiator of today refuses to be kicked into a corner and die without a groan. He rushes to the telephone and shouts his woes to all the world. The world listens to his doleful story and asks with earnestness, What did Jesus say? Is it an indubitable proof of progress, this increasing disposition to measure men and churches by the Sermon on the Mount?"

Chronicle and Comment.

One who knew the late General Harrison intimately for many years says that he never allowed his professional or political engagements to interfere with his religious duties.

No Sunday excursions in Michigan this year! is the decision of the general passenger agents of Michigan railroads. The good work resulting in this decision was inaugurated by Christian Endeavorers. They worked and they prayed, and the result is one for which Michigan may well be envied.

Carter Harrison's ambition seems to be satisfied by the mayoralty of Chicago. His record in that most misgoverned of American cities has not been such as to recommend him to the people for anything outside of that city. Sam Jones, in a recent lecture in Chicago, set forth the situation by saying: "If the devil were to come here and install himself as mayor, his first command would be, 'Boys, don't change a thing. This beats the place where we have been living.'"

Back in the sixteenth century a Bible was printed which, through the blunder of a typographer, became known as "The Printer's Bible." The 161st verse of the 119th Psalm reads: "Princes have persecuted me without cause." The blundering compositor set it—and it passed that way into the entire edition—"Printers have persecuted me without cause." Some of the readers of the Warsaw Indianian, the paper published by General Reub. Williams, a Civil War veteran, can not conclude that the printer is persecuting them without cause, although he has taken heroic measures to get the delinquents to pay their subscriptions. Under the United States postal laws every one who takes a paper from the postoffice or receives it from a postman is responsible for its subscription price for the time it is received. This is the law, although originally the name may have been taken for only a year. If a subscriber continues to receive the paper the price therefor can be collected from him by process of law. Every publisher who does not resort to this extreme to collect loses hundreds of dollars every year. But there are some from whom the collection cannot be made even in this manner, for they are not possessed of any property of which the law can lay hold. For such The Indianian has a "black list"—not simply for its own guidance and benefit, but as well for the good of others; and the names are printed in the columns of the paper. If The Pacific were to publish such a list there would be a sensation all along the Coast—and in all probability some revision of church rolls. Perhaps some ministerial names might be in danger of disappearing from the Year Book. Letters are now being written for the third and fourth time, always courteously, to persons owing for several years, from whom we have not yet been able to get a word in reply. And yet, it seems as if every reader of The Pacific ought to know by this time that the paper cannot be maintained if the subscribers will not pay their subscriptions in advance, or in a short time at least after they are thus due. The Pacific does not intend to publish a black list, but it does intend to send about fifty names to a subscription agency. Several hundred dollars have been lost during the last two years by taking such names from the list and making no effort to collect. Now, a new leaf will be turned. The paper is never forced on any one. Any subscriber can have his paper discontinued by a request to that effect when the time for which he has paid has elapsed. Every subscriber receives request to send in his subscription in renewal, within three months after the expiration of the time for which he has last paid. There is no room for misunderstanding after that has been sent.

Commencement at the Seminary.

Pacific Theological Seminary has held its last Commencement exercises on Seminary Hill, Oakland, where it was located about thirty years ago. Next year it will be in close proximity to the State University in Berkeley, where it goes hopefully to work out its mission as a far-reaching religious force on these rapidly developing Pacific shores.

Monday night, after the alumni and invited guests, about an hundred in all, had been sitting for an hour around an inviting dinner table, the last course, a "feast of reason and flow of soul," began to be served. Rev. C. R. Brown summoned the attendants and all present partook of many good things under the label, "Present Emphases and Tendencies in Theological Education." President J. E. Stubbs of the University of Nevada spoke on "Thorough Intellectual Equipment"; Professor T. R. Bacon of the State University on "The Change in Preaching: Good Talking in the Pulpit"; Dr. Thomas Addison of Berkeley on "The Minister a Man Among Men"; Professor C. B. Bradley of the State University on "The Theological Seminary as a Great Center of Higher Education"; Professor T. F. Day of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at San Anselmo on "The Minister as a Religious and Spiritual Force in the Community"; and the Rev. S. C. Patterson of Lodi, an alumnus, on "The Service of the Alumni to their Seminary in View of

Present Emphases and Tendencies."

Tuesday afternoon President Stubbs of the University of Nevada gave the graduation day address on "Christianity, a Battle, Not a Dream." And diplomas were awarded by President McLean to Messrs. G. N. Brink, T. Demura, W. E. Eckles, R. H. Ham, A. W. Hare and E. Owen.

In the evening, in what was termed "a farewell to Seminary Hill," Professor George Mooar read a paper replete with interesting facts in the life of the Seminary, and characterized by pathos and humor. By its historical value, as well as for other reasons, it demands place in the columns of The Pacific, and will appear soon.

The Rev. H. E. Jewett, who was for nine years at the head of Hopkins Academy, pictured in a delightful manner the antiquarian of the 30th century coming from the great and intellectual city of Berkeley, and in explorations in uncovered ruins on the present site of Oakland, discovering first the remains of an ancient hospital, and then those of a seminary and academy. And then, through the antiquarian Mr. Jewett uncovered many interesting facts concerning Seminary Hill.

Dr. W. C. Pond told of the struggles of the Seminary and Academy financially and how Moses Hopkins, through the influence of Drs. Benton and Dwinelle, had come to the rescue, and said that no words could express the gratitude the churches of California owed to those two noble men.

The Rev. Jee Gam, who was one of the first students, paid beautiful tribute to those who had shaped his life, and turned him in living ways, especially to the late Mrs. Mooar.

Rev. Edson Hale of Niles and the Rev. Mr. Merrill of Clayton, of the alumni, spoke of the love they had for the institution.

In conclusion, the Rev. Dr. McLean said that he was glad so beneficent an institution as a hospital was to take the place of the Seminary on that beautiful, commanding hill. Days like the perfect one through which they had just passed would bring heaven down close to many a sufferer as they looked out of the windows on the scenes that eminence afforded. It was very hopefully, he said, that they turned toward Berkeley. Struggles, they should have there, of course, and mistakes doubtless; but it is only through struggle and mistake and even failure that any form of human progress goes forward.

A prayer from the lips and heart of the Rev. E. S. Williams, in which were the words, "May we go forth and work as if all depended upon us, and pray and trust as if all depended upon God," fittingly closed the "Farewell to Seminary Hill."

The Bystander.

The Man Who Was in Hell.

The Bystander ventures this week to give his impressions upon the man whom the boys in Italy once pointed their fingers at with the remark, "That is the man who was once in hell." His name is Dante. He was born in Florence in 1265. Everybody has been in the habit of saying good things about this wonderful man. Carlyle calls him "the mouthpiece of the middle ages, through whom ten silent centuries found a voice." One would as soon criticize Angelo's "Moses" or the "Pantheon" as this recognized genius. His "Divine Comedy" is a classic and he is Milton and Bunyan, and Hawthorne and Edwards all in one.

The Bystander finds the Divine Comedy rather dull reading, and were it not for a corresponding feeling on the part of others the Bystander would set himself down as a very stupid student of a literary masterpiece. The fact is, few people have ever read Dante from beginning to end. It is like walking through a dense forest, with here and there a sweet wild flower, or the song of a thrush; there is deep shade and beams of flashing light, and great trees, but the average tourist prefers a modern railway train that starts from somewhere and gets to some other where in short order. Such is the spirit of the age. In spite of the science and theology of the present age and the age of Dante, there is a revival of interest in the works of the great Italian. In the eighteenth century the interest was apparently dead.

Just why there should be more enthusiasm over Dante than Milton or Bunyan is hard to say. Perhaps because nobody really knows what the great Italian is talking about. To be great is not to be misunderstood, but it is not to be in the least understood. Men like to hunt and seek and dig, and therefore they like the tangled forest of vision and thought.

Dante had a hard time in Florence. He left under a cloud and never returned. His enemies threatened to burn him alive; naturally, he stayed away. Naturally, he began to paint pictures of the destiny of his enemies, some of whom he put into hell, feet upward. Hell itself had a heart of ice hardly in keeping with the mediaeval eschatology.

He had also a love affair with a young girl named Beatrice, and he never quite recovered from the effects of this broken dream of his early youth. At any rate, his works show a heated, if not a disordered, imagination. and he makes a scheme of the universe by which he goes down into the heart of hell on one side, and comes out the other in Paradise. He divides it up into circles and rings and conditions, making a sort of eschatological directory, to which one may turn and find the street where he will probably reside.

The language is beautiful, even in translation, though the Bystander wonders where this man Dante got his great name. He knows of no one who does not place the laurel on Dante's brow. To be sure, Tolstoi thinks Dante never amounted to much, but a man who calls Shakespeare a "scribbler" and Beethoven and Mozart and Handel poor musicians, and in the same breath calls an obscure American preacher—Adin Ballou—the greatest genius in American literature, is either insane or ignorant—ignorant enough to be insane. Voltaire wrote to a friend: "I estimate highly the courage with which you have dared to say that Dante was a madman and his work a monster."

Dante is conducted through the infernal region by Virgil, who meets him in the dark wood as he is about to ascend the Delectable hill. Three wild beasts hinder him—a leopard, a lion and a wolf. The opinions of Dante's disciples upon these beasts give a fair illustration of how his works are understood, or rather not understood. Prof. Norton calls them certain well known vices. James Russell Lowell: Pride, the lusts of the flesh, and greed. Dean Farrar: pleasure, anger and love of money; while Miss Rosetti settles the question by naming them Florence, France and Rome.

Nearly every great moral lesson touching human experience has been drawn from this three-fold work, so wondrously wrought, so mysteriously conceived. Allegory and experience are interwoven, so that "a double intelligence" is required to understand the fine shades of thought.

The "Inferno" is contrary to about every theological idea of Unitarianism. Yet we find men who crown Calvin and Edwards with thorns putting a crown of pure gold on the head of Dante.

The Bystander has already said enough to stamp him

as a literary prude, who is finding fault with the great sun. He is willing to sacrifice his literary reputation on the altar of the Dante revival, but he insists that if Dante knew what he was talking about he has not been able to make others share that knowledge. Hawthorne has touched the same truths in a more definite and interesting manner. So has Shakespeare, and Æschylus and Job. The Bible has never received greater enconiums of praise than Dante, and the Bystander in his stupidity simply asks why? Will some wise man who has read

Woman's Sphere.

The Bystander believes a woman is distinctly out of place when she attempts to do a man's work, and that Hannah More was wise in saying that women should be great not as men but as women. The destruction of women is one of the concomitants of the present industrial system. The Bystander knows of a number of physical and mental wrecks, for example, in the newspaper offices of this city—of young women grown old before their time because they have been trying to do the work of at least one man. There is such a thing as woman's sphere, and it isn't sentimental to say so. Go through the factories and shops, the stores and manufactories of SanFrancisco and you will see the frightful inroads our industrial system is making in the life and happiness of women.

But any such charges are answered by the argument of necessity; that it is necessary for women to enter the arena of man's work, in order to earn a living.

Young Girls and the Stage.

She was a demure, pretty, dreamy sort of a girl, whose fond mother brought her to the Bystander with the explanation that she wished to go on the stage, and wanted to know what moral protection the church could afford. The Bystander took in the situation at a glance and began to meditate. Here was a beautiful, unsophisticated girl, eighteen years of age, who was stage struck. Her room is probably plastered with pictures of actors and actresses, and in her scrap-book she has readable accounts of stage successes, with interesting bits of character sketches, etc. She longs to go behind the foot-lights to travel, to be applauded, to see the fragrant flowers passed up, to see her own name in the paper. "My daughter is good," says the mother, "and I want her protected by the church. Is there not some society whose business it is to keep hold the hands of such girls?" The Bystander shuddered. He knew there was a life-saving station along the coast—yes, but nobody has been able to even tell where the grave of the "Rio" is. The fishes of the sea move along the deck and the sea-weed adorns the unseen dead.

"Why does your daughter wish to go on the stage?" "She thinks she might elevate it," was one answer. That is what the fly thought about the spider, but flies do not educate spiders. "Madam, most young women have that idea, but it is a missionary work which results in little harvest. Better go to China. What your daughter needs is a new purpose, a new nature, a new ambition. To place her in a theatrical environment is like planting a rose among the brambles, or throwing a dove up among the eagles," and the Bystander said to the proud but worried mother: "Going on the stage is a serious business," and he thought over the girls—some of them once members of the Sunday-school and Christian Endeavor Society—who had gone out—God knows where.

To girls who wish to go on the stage, the Bystander has one definite reply—"Don't!"

In Politics.

The Bystander frankly wonders what inducements there are for bright young men to enter the game of politics. It is not because of roughness, but unfairness, that would restrain men from going into the arena, only to be abused. In San Francisco we have an example of a young man in politics and the consequences. Mayor Phelan is wealthy, brilliant, courageous, and the Bystanded believes honest. He has put more life into the municipality, dared to do more things well than any other Mayor we have ever had. But because he did not dance when the dailies fiddled, he has been maligned. He was abused because he did not close the Ingleside racing track; he was abused when he did. He was corrected when he did not do what the papers wanted him to do and he was abused when he carried out their policy, or rather when the policy of the Mayor and the editors happened to agree. Against the journalistic tide he has rowed his boat, carried the charter and executed the people's will, but he has been paid with a salary of stones. Father Yorke, after denouncing the Queen of England, calls him "a dirty dog," an epithet which makes every true citizen blush for shame, and makes some of us wish that such freedom of speech against officials could be punished by law. In this country we are altogether too free with our damnatory language against officials, from the President down to the Mayor. An old-fashioned whipping-post would not only be a wholesome corrective for wife-beating and horse-stealing, but it might remind some men that the command to "honor the king" is not wholly a dead letter.

Prayer.

Frank Hugh Foster.

V. The Conditions of Prayer—Faith.

Prayer being thus possible, the question arises, How are its benefits to be secured? Are there any conditions attending it, which must be fulfilled if it is to be followed by an answer?

Almost any Christian would reply, Yes; prayer must be made in faith. But what is meant by faith it is not so easy to say. So many misconceptions have arisen at this point, and so much mischief done, so much unbelief produced, that it will be worth our while to spend this portion of our study upon the single query, What is meant by faith, when that word is used of the condition of prevailing prayer?

1. Beneath all the rest, as the foundation upon which it is built up, is what we denominate "saving faith," or complete submission to the will of God. The Lord's Prayer contains the petition, "Thy will be done"; and the prayer of our Lord in the Garden closed with the words, "Nevertheless, not my will but thine be done." It is at once evident that there cannot be an acceptable prayer without this condition. What a true Christian wants is that God's will should be done in all things, large and small, through and in him. He wants God's wisdom to direct him, and would not for an instant desire that God should give him what, in his foolishness, he might ask for, if it were injurious to himself, or prejudicial to the larger interests of God's kingdom. Prayer is not dictation. It is not the substitution of the ignorance of man for the wisdom of God. It is not a way of gaining private ends which God would not grant if his wisdom were left to decide itself. A prayer from any other spirit than that of submission to God is a sin. Even the first prayer which a sinner puts up for pardon can have no acceptance unless it is founded upon repentance, that is, upon forsaking evil for the known and accepted will of God.

It seems to me that our lack as Christians in prayer comes in chiefly at this point. We pray for divine grace, for strength against temptations, etc., but often we do not really desire that the will of God should be done in

us. We are not truly submissive. The prayer, to a degree, is dishonest; and that in this respect, that, if God should really give us what we ask, we should often shrink from the gift. Honesty in prayer is certainly a prime requisite, as in any other real transaction in this world, and to it will be necessary a considerable degree of assimilation to the will of God.

2. Next comes faith in God's ability and readiness to answer prayer; that is, acceptance of those things as to the possibility and reality of prayer which have been drawn out in former papers of this series. They may be summed up in this single phrase—personal confidence in God. A child has such confidence in a parent, when he freely moves about in the home, regarding everything there as, in a sense, his own. The Christian is a child in his Father's house. He asks and takes with the freedom of a child.

I think that these two conditions cover the ground. But there is another sometimes mentioned, in respect to which a great deal of confusion has arisen.

3. It is sometimes said that a Christian ought to be certain before prayer that his prayer is going to be answered exactly as he prays; and sometimes that, when he has this confidence, the prayer will thus be answered. I suppose this view of the matter is founded upon such texts as Mk. xi: 24 ("What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them"). This undoubtedly founds success in prayer upon foregoing certainty; but it is a text addressed to the Twelve, and in immediate connection with the working of miracles. I do not think that it applies to ordinary Christians. It occurs in connection with the narrative of the cursing of the fig-tree, where the promise is made to the disciples that they shall be able to do greater things than that, even to remove mountains, and is therefore to be understood of relations beyond the ordinary mission of the common Christian. Or, if any one should insist that it still applied to the Christian of today, what will he do with that passage in the First Epistle of John (v:14): "This is the confidence that we have in him, that, if we ask anything according to his will, he heareth us"? If we are to be perfectly certain that God is going to give us this definite thing for which we are now asking, we must first be sure that it is according to the will of God that we ask it! I am afraid that that condition would stretch the power of some Christians to comply with!

Yet there are certain things about which we must be sure that God will hear us, if we are at the same time sure of our own sincerity in the prayer. We ask for the Holy Spirit: that is precisely the gift which God is longing to give to every child of his. For this purpose Jesus Christ came into the world. That prayer is "according to the will of God"; and nothing can prevent its answer. The Spirit will be given. Even if not accepted, it will be given. Even if there is no growth in grace, it will be proffered, urged, "poured out," only to be retracted because the heart that but a little while since asked, now refuses, and the soul that was filled with longings after its God is now occupied with the muck-rake, gathering to itself the "straws and sticks and dust of the floor." So the prayer for wisdom in perplexity is according to God's will; and if a man has sincerely submitted himself to God's leadings, he may be sure that the outcome is God's purpose for him.

4. But I wish now, lest I may seem to have been restricting the conditions of prayer too much, to say that there is a very large field for the successful prayer of the Christian, and that the great, underlying, and comprehensive condition of power in prayer can be attained by any believer. I may phrase it in the simple words, Conformity to the purposes of God and sympathy with his plans. Such a conformity is almost the necessary result of any genuine and long Christian life. If a man is continually asking what God desires of him, with the earnest purpose to know it, he cannot fail to get an acquaintance with God's will and develop a more perfect sympathy with God's plans. We know how it is in practical life. Let two men live with one another associated in the same business, and finally, either one of them will be able to say, upon any proposed case, almost exactly what the other will judge or prefer. We can almost tell the precise air with which an intimate friend would receive some particular remark. And so, in spite of all the immense difference between the creature and the Creator, the one can sometimes look up with confidence into the face of the other and anticipate his will. He knows God and he knows in a given case that one course is not in the line of God's usual dealings with his children, and that another may be.

Thus the conditions of the prayer, which is mentioned in our text may be said to be comprised in the Christian himself. He is the condition. Has he soared into the region of prevailing prayer? Rooted in the earth though he may be, he may send up, like the giant redwoods upon our mountains, columnar growth into the free breezes of the face of heaven. The mighty tree stretches its arms out into the glad sunshine, and tosses them to and fro in the winds, and its leaves drink in the pure air and convert it into nutriment for the vast trunk beneath, and even for the rootlet hidden far under the surface of the soil. As it stands there swaying gently and majestically in the breeze, it seems to have its home more truly in that upper atmosphere than on the earth below. And so the Christian, if he has risen into the upper region, and has begun to appropriate its upbuilding forces to himself, if that loftier sphere where he stands free and bold is his home, then he is in possession of the conditions of a marvelous farther acquaintance with the greatness and bounty of God, or, without figure, if he is in communion with God, has developed his Christian character by feeding upon the Word of God, if he has already attained some degree of maturity of experience, and is going on to still greater attainments, and if he is already so in sympathy with God that he can in a degree recognize what is and what is not in the line of God's purposes and will, then to him the promises of the answer of prayer apply.

Quiet Corner Notes.

By W. N. Burr.

The Home Missionary Committee was to have a meeting at the First church at 1:30 p. m. The members of the committee were most of them in their chairs some minutes before the appointed time. Of course there was conversation. Somehow, that was before the reporter came in—it turned upon—well, perhaps it was "scientific, spiritual diagnosis," though probably none of the brethren were conscious that was what they were talking about. As the reporter entered the room a brother was telling the story of a man high in business circles who had recently turned into the way of the Christian life.

"He told me he was going to join the —— church because he enjoyed their prayer-meetings. He said he liked their ways down there—they understand how to make things go with a whiz!"

At least some of the members of that Home Missionary Committee are not of the sort who take kindly to the prayer-meeting that goes "with a whiz," and remarks to that effect were made by two or three. Some things

were said about thoughtfulness and emotion, effervescence and deep waters, and then the President called the committee to order, and the business of the hour received attention.

The members of the committee were positive but kind in their criticisms of the prayer-meeting that "goes with a whiz!" More of the spirit of sweet reasonableness was manifest in that conversation than is sometimes the case when we get to talking about that other man who is casting out devils in the Master's name, but who followeth not with us. The man who enjoys the whiz and the man who prefers the quiet hour, each have rights that the other, in Christian love, is bound to respect.

Henry Drummond's remark comes to mind: "Instead of handling mankind in a lump we ought to have definite means of judging the varying conditions and needs of the different individuals whom we try to help." He is a wise minister who has gripped that thought, and there are some evangelists abroad in the land who would accomplish more as revivalists if they would recognize the God-given make-up of the other man.

The one important matter is that the devils be cast out. It is not so important who does it or how it is done as we sometimes think it is. God has given the power to do it to a great many different kinds of people, who can thus bring to bear a great many different agencies—which is necessary, for that which does not appeal at all to one needy one will appeal strongly to another. One man must be met by the weighty matters of the law; the heart of another responds more readily to the appeals of love. One can receive the truth through discourse that to another will carry nothing but an impression of noisy harangue; while a tender poem will be the best agent for some hearts, lifting them "through Nature up to Nature's God." Some people must be reached through strong emotional agencies; others find God not in the wind, nor in the earthquake, nor in the fire, but in the still, small voice. Instead of handling mankind in a lump we must have that judgment which shall discern the varying conditions and needs of different individuals. God has provided for this, and we should be careful to recognize and acknowledge his wise provision.

There are certain psychological phenomena which are closely connected with the religious life which cannot reasonably be overlooked or disregarded in our dealings with each other in matters of the soul. It is the same Savior who saves us all, the same salvation by which we are all saved; but our experiences *in* the Christian life are not alike. It is absolutely impossible for us to have the same experiences, for God did not cut men all off the same piece of cloth.

"Difference from me is the measure of absurdity," said Emerson, with a touch of Emersonian irony. It is the same, whether the pronoun stands for the man who enjoys the whiz, or the man of quiet temper. Each is neighbor to the other, and should love his neighbor as himself, and acknowledge that his poison is the other man's meat, and that this is so because God intended it so.

The twelfth chapter of First Corinthians is in the Bible of men of all temperaments. "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, of workings, but the same God who worketh all in all. But to each one is given the manifestation of the Spirit to profit withal. For to one is given, by the Spirit, the word of wisdom; and to another the word of knowledge, by the same Spirit; to others, faith, gifts of healing, prophecy, etc., by the same Spirit. But all these worketh that one and the selfsame Spirit, dividing to every man severally as he will."

Corona, Calif.

Christ's Risen Life and the New Life in Man.

By F. B. Perkins.

That which we have chiefly in mind now is the progressive element as characterizing both. In this respect there seems to be a not always recognized bond between the two divisions of our Lord's own personal life.

In its earthly course there is no difficulty in tracing such progress. He entered the world as a babe. Thence he developed like any other child. Only gradually does he seem to have gained the consciousness of his Messianic office, or to have exercised the authority vested in him. Certain aspects of his work developed as he went along, and his methods were modified in accordance with them. The phenomena attending his post resurrection manifestations suggest a similar process; as if there were in him a steadily tightening grasp upon the forces of his risen state and a corresponding freedom in their exercises. Contrast, for example, his treatment of Mary Magdalene and of the other women. When Mary, in the joy of her discovery, would have clung to his feet in worship, he gently repulsed her, with the enigmatical words, "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to the Father." But when, a little later, her companions offered the same token of homage, he did not forbid—he allowed it. Why was this? There must have been some substantial reason for the different treatment. And while dogmatism in such a case is manifestly unbecoming, yet there would seem to be a suggested analogy between the two stages of our Lord's manifestation. It gains in apparent probability by circumstances attending his subsequent appearances to the disciples. Doubtless the analogy must not be pressed too far; yet, viewing that redeeming life as one, it does not seem irrational to trace such a correspondence between the stage of humiliation and the stage of glory.

It may incline us the more readily to accept such suggestions, if we regard that life as the prototype of the life of redeemed men. The beginnings of both nature and grace are small. The law of both is development. As the natural life advances, just in that proportion is a firmer grasp maintained on the springs of activity. And thus, in regeneration, the powers of mind and body, one after another, are captured by the indwelling Spirit of God, and subjected to the will of the renewed man. With this there grows the consciousness of oneness with God, and of power in Christ; and so experience rounds out into the perfect blessedness which the ascending Savior represents, which things are a not untruthful analogue of the advancing glory of our risen Lord.

It is not at the open grave, nor even in the mysterious intercourse of those forty succeeding days, that we measure aright the grandeur of that life to which our own is conformed. Not until, as in that favored company which beheld his ascent from Olivet, imagination follows him beyond the intercepting clouds, as in the rapt vision of the first Christian martyr, we see heaven opened and the Sufferer of Calvary standing at the right hand of the Eternal Majesty, as we anticipate that august occasion, when the now departed Lord shall be manifested in the glory of the Father, and gather up the hints dropped by the beloved disciple to the glorious future of the children of God—not until we have thus beheld him can we grasp the full significance of the resurrection; and even then, only in its beginnings, only as foregleams of the brightness of the eternal day.

To that same extent also we shall gain insight into Paul's strong declamation that "it was not possible for Christ to be holden of death." It was an impossibility arising out of the very nature of things. The contrary

condition would have been a monstrosity. Such an one as Jesus could not be death's victim. But just as little was it possible for him to continue as during those forty days. These marked only the beginning of his exalted state. The ascension was another onward step, involved in the resurrection, and not less necessary than the first.

His present "hiding in God" may be a part of the veiling of his majesty, rendered necessary by the imperfection of humanity. "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." It was Stephen, a man "full of faith and of the Holy Ghost," and he in the supreme moment of his life, to whom the glories of the exalted Savior were disclosed. So it has been since that day. It is ever the few prepared souls, to whom Jesus in his true proportions is revealed. From the rest he is hidden still. And is not this the solemn truth, underlying Paul's injunction that we be not only "looking for but hastening" the coming of the day of Christ? May it not be that on such preparation of heart, the Lord's further manifestation depends?

So, of that life shared by his followers and patterned upon his, "it doth not yet appear what it shall be." The fullness of its glory cannot be an earthly vision. It is hid with Christ in God. Death is merely its temporary disappearance in like manner as the glory of the Master was hidden within the luminous clouds of the upper heavens. But it shall yet burst in the fullness of its beauty when the soul looks upon the undimmed glory of the Redeemer. It waits but for such spiritual readiness. Then the dial of the universe will mark the oncoming of another and higher manifestation of the Son of God.

Acorns from Three Oaks.

Aloha.

A NOTABLE BANQUET.

I am certainly justified in calling that a notable banquet which the citizens of San Jose tendered last Monday evening to the officials of the S. P. R. R. So the newspapers unite in describing it. So they characterize it who designed it and carried it out. An impartial guest and looker-on, I agree that it certainly was exceptional among the banquets I have attended. The beautiful Vendome Hotel was bright with light; its spacious lawn ablaze with Chinese lanterns. The supper was ideal; the service prompt and courteous; little noise and no confusion. Everywhere was heartiness, but no unseemly hilarity. More than two hundred men stayed from 10 p. m. to 3 a. m. Two hours were spent in conversation and feasting; three solid hours were spent in speech-making. More men out of fifty Yalensians left my college supper than left this banquet until at the close, by the word of the chairman, they scattered as quickly and as orderly as if they had been dismissed by a doxology and a benediction. Two clergymen made good speeches and there was nothing said all through the banquet, in public speech at least, which a clergyman could disapprove; no story told which mothers, wives, or sweethearts would have blushed to hear.

The occasion was the celebration of the closing of the gap on the Coast line. It was San Jose's jubilee at becoming in closer and directer communication with Los Angeles and the East. Beside the prominent railroad men, prominent judges, lawyers and business men were present. Political rivals sat at the same tables. Editors with varying policies united in a genuine business love-feast. The idealist in political reform saw the managing boss of local politics eye to eye. It was a lesson in combination for a purpose worthy of Chicago. The speeches were of high tone and well prepared. There was moderation in Western boasting; the eagle did not fly too high; men stuck to their text in praising the railroad for a great achievement and in congratulating themselves and a great State on the mutual benefits to follow. There were subjects announced for the speeches and the laymen stuck to their texts quite as closely as the ministers. The chairman of the committee, a prominent Christian Endeavorer, told me as many glasses were turned down as were turned up. There were no challenges to bumpers, no toasts to be drank, no table challenges to excess. Wines were served as coffee and Apollinaris water were. I judge from what I hear that good men combined to carry some worthy points in preparing this banquet, and I note, entirely of my own suggestion, what caught my attention.

THE GREAT CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.

It was something to see the great engineer, who has calculated the expenses of the enormous bridges and tunnels, and can tell just how much more than seven million dollars the hundred and twenty last miles have cost. To hear princes of transportation and traffic quote the classics and illumine graceful speech with clean wit was notable. The man who built the "Oregon" was there to tell how America sweeps the sea with superior ships and ties the continents masterfully with iron rails. The very notable thing, however, was the applause which followed the words of praise spoken for the late President of the great Southern Pacific Company, who had been such a colossal figure in the transportation miracles of the last century. It was so different from much of the talk and the newspaper writing of the late years. Yet, it was not a packed jury. It could not have been. Where all speeches were notable, it is difficult to single out one. Yet, in most affectionate and loyal tribute to his late great chief and gracious praise of his successor, the speech of the acting Vice-President of the Company, the chief guest at the table, was notable. There could be no mistaking the heartiness of this speech. The man felt what he said and the gracious and kindlier feeling and action of the great corporation towards its patrons as well found vent and expression. Had there been acrimony and disgust it would have cropped out in remarks following the banquet and in newspaper articles following. But men are shaking hands in new and more cordial fellowship and joining efforts to welcome McKinley and bring prosperity for their country.

A JUST BIOGRAPHY.

Who will give us a just biography of the dead captain of industry? Who will search the records and in calm and faithful words write down the story of such a life that we may know what to believe. What large and noble examples has he left for America's inspiring sons. If he grasped too much we want it told for the guidance of the young in clear and regretful language and not in the vindictive vituperation of the Socialist. The preacher can quote such a book, but ought not take his standpoint from the view of a jealous, opposition press. There are scholarly and dispassionate men who can do this early century service for the young men of this Coast. The book would sell. There would be light shed on the methods of the Carnegies, Rockefellers, Vanderbilts and Morgans, which would make our thinking and our speech more intelligent. If the banquet view were the just one, all the State—all the Coast—should have it. Truth makes us free from prejudice. Truth cannot hurt the dead. The living need it. We do not want a Scott's aspersions nor an Abbott's fullsome praise of this Napoleon among railroad men, but a just and fair account of his struggles and his triumphs. What brave and honest student of affairs will make this memorable contribution to the growing history of our Pacific Coast?

The Sunday-School.

BY REV. F. B. PERKINS.

On the Way to Emmaus (Luke xxiv: 13-35.)

Lesson III. April 21, 1901.

"Behooves it not the Christ to suffer these things?"

It was the afternoon of that day of wonders, April 9, A. D. 30. Two friends of Jesus were walking from Jerusalem toward Emmaus, a village located among the hills, some seven or eight miles distant, in a northwesterly direction. One of them was Cleopas; the other is unnamed, but may have been Luke. If so, his narrative is the report of an eye-witness and participant.

They were in a state of sad bewilderment as they talked together of the scenes of the week past, specially of the latest astounding development. What was the truth of the matter reported by the women? Was the vision real? Had the Lord actually been restored to life, as they affirmed the angels declared? Or was it all an hallucination? And how about those other incontestable facts in their friend's most baffling life—how could he be what they had thought him, and yet suffer what he did? But how, with such a life in confirmation, could they question his claims to be the long-promised Messiah? So they talked, discussing probabilities, and becoming every moment more hopelessly bewildered and sad.

Strange insensibility to those precise and oft-repeated predictions by which Jesus had endeavored to prepare their minds for just such a contingency as this! It does seem strange to us, who look back through twenty centuries of Christian history. But remember, the resurrection was to them as yet an undemonstrated fact. Was it then, in this view, stranger than our own too frequent forgetfulness of our Heavenly Father's comforting words and the unbelieving sadness which is allowed possession of our hearts in the stress of life? Is not our faithlessness rather the inexcusable fault?

From their absorbing discussions they were aroused, by his voice, to find a stranger at their side. How he came there they do not think to inquire; nor do they recognize him as an acquaintance. It all seemed to fit naturally into the unnaturalness which pervaded everything on that day—everything, indeed, was dreamlike. His question as to the subject of their discussion, however, does surprise them, as if there could be to any one matter of interest besides that which moved them, even though he were a stranger in those parts! It was just the common experience of mankind in great exigencies of life. One cannot see how the world can move on as if nothing strange was happening. So the disciples take up the wondrous story, and again go over its details, its marvels, and its perplexities.

The stranger listens; and then, with the calm confidence of a Master, gives his interpretation of the events. He refers them to their own authoritative Scriptures. Step by step he traverses these, and shows how all had occurred in precise fulfillment of what Moses and their other revered prophets had foretold, as to the Christ. If Jesus were indeed such as they had believed him to be, then it behooved him to have suffered just these things, and so to enter into glory.

With renewed confidence and happier hearts the travelers enter the village, and persuade their new friend to sup with them. And there, at the table, something in his manner, his words, or perhaps his act of breaking the bread, as if himself were the host, opens their eyes and reveals him to them as the Lord himself!

In the moment of recognition, however, another wonder supervenes. Jesus vanishes from sight! Immediately, too, they rise up, and in jubilant frame hasten back over the road just now so sadly traversed; and burst in upon their assembled friends with the gladsome news, "The Lord has risen." "Yes," is the reply, "we know it. Peter has brought the same intelligence. He, too, has seen him."

The Jewish Scriptures Interpreted by the Risen Jesus.

"The testimony of Jesus," wrote the apostle John, "is the spirit of prophecy." This, too, was Jesus' point of view. And so, "beginning from Moses and all the prophets, he interpreted to (his fellow-travelers) all the Scriptures, the things concerning himself." What were those things? One would give much for an authentic report of that memorable exposition. How much of controversial discussion, of wise and foolish criticism, both higher and lower, might have been saved thereby! Divine wisdom has not granted this. But it has left in our hands these prophecies, and with them the record of our Lord's own illuminating life.

His Principles of Interpretation.

Some of these at least are reasonably fixed.

1. That what he gave out to those two perplexed travelers was the fruit of his own patient study and profound meditation; food upon which his own soul had been fed; the rational foundation of his own Messianic consciousness.

2. That its guiding thought was the divine fatherhood —that truth which sinful man had so generally lost sight of, with results so fatally disastrous; the truth which sinful man had so generally lost sight of, with results so fatally destructive; the truth which thrilled his whole being with bliss, and to which his whole earthly ministry had been attuned. The things concerning himself, we may be sure, were the ways in which God's fatherly love had found expression, in all their national history.

3. The staple of his exposition was facts, not therories. Questionings as to the ethics of redemption, familiar to modern thought, were wholly foreign to those simple-minded men, trained up under a system of prescribed forms, and neither needing nor able to appreciate, a "philosophy of the plan of salvation."

4. Withal, it was the Suffering Messiah, not the worldly King of later Jewish thought, in whom Jesus found his counterpart.

His Course of Argument.

Starting, perhaps, from the disciples' own designation —"a prophet mighty in deed and word"—he may have shown that suffering had been a constant factor in the experience of all God's messengers. Name after name of such martyrs may have been recalled, "from Abel to Zachariah, who perished between the altar and the sanctuary." Upon that mysterious suffering Servant and Prince, who passes and repasses across the pages of the later Jewish prophets, he must have lingered, bringing to their thought how "he gave his back to the smiters and his cheeks to them that plucked off the hair"; showing how history supplied no fulfillment of these conditions, until the advent of Jesus, in whom all were marvelously met. It ought not to be a matter of surprise then, Jesus being, in truth, all they had thought him, that what had occurred should take place.

Passing thence to their sacrificial system, we can imagine him as pointing to the priesthood, "ordained for men (as their representatives) in things pertaining to God; to offer (in their name) both gifts and sacrifices for sins." These offerings were primarily significant, not of possessions, but of persons, of the offerers' own selves; so that, in every sacrifice, there was symbolically a surrender of self to God, an acknowledgment of ill desert

and a plea for pardon. And, if the sacrifice was representative of the sinner, so was the priest, the sinner's other self. More and more, also, as time wore on, the symbol was spiritualized and concentrated; priest, and prophets and people, penitent worshiper and sacrificial victim, all merged into that suffering Servant and Kingly Man, who was to effect the deliverance of Israel and the redemption of the world. "Wounded for (man's) transgressions, bruised for their iniquities, bearing upon himself their sicknesses, and carrying all their sorrow—his stripes were to be for the healing of the people.

Much more, along these and related lines, the mysterious Stranger must have said; his hearers' hearts responding to every fresh demonstration of grace, and burning with newly kindled love and hope and joyous self-surrender.

This, then, is the lesson impressed by him upon those two bewildered minds, and also upon all succeeding generations, he himself the harmony of the Jewish Scriptures.

There is, I have been told, a room in one of the palaces in Rome, its walls, ceilings and floor covered with grotesque and apparently unrelated designs. There is one spot upon the floor, however, where the whole aspect changes. Standing there, the artist's idea is clearly seen. What seemed before confused and monstrous is resolved into order and beauty.

Such a transformation is that effected, when those older Scriptures are studied from the standpoint of the risen Jesus, he and he alone is the filling-out of every bright ideal, the reconciliation of apparent contradictions, the realization of all redeeming agencies. Until his death and resurrection flashed back their light, the Old Testament, if not a sealed, was a baffling, book. Until his sacrificial life supplied the missing chords, Jewish history was an unfinished symphony. It was laid out upon too large a scale to be comprehended within their national limits. None of the hopes which their prophetic teachers had aroused were fulfilled—nothing answering to the ideal Israel—no "prophet from among themselves like unto Moses," no priestly king greater than David, no servant of Jehovah, whose unexampled sufferings were rewarded by world-wide dominion.

But the life of Jesus, his cross and the forsaken tomb changed the whole aspect of things. He was the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world"; he, the "great High Priest, ever living to make intercession"; he, the King, "whose kingdom ruleth over all," and "to whom the gathering of the nations shall be." The prophecy is even yet incomplete, but its realization is going forward, and its end, since that glad day, can be clearly discerned.

The Messenger and His Message.

"Was not our heart burning within us" the awe-struck disciples ask, "while he spake to us in the way, while he opened to us the Scriptures?" And their experience is often repeated, when a Christian man, his own soul aflame with the light and warmth of an undimmed vision of spiritual truth, talks to us of God's wonderful redemption, and tells "the simple story of the Cross." That was the power of Jesus, and equally of every other preacher. It is for this, indeed, that restless, burdened, desponding hearts, the world over, are consciously or unconsciously panting. Read such an account as George Kennan has recenty given in the Outlook, of Jerry McAuley's prayer-meeting, and learn how men and women, in every walk of life, respond to him who talks to them of the Heavenly Father and of the reconciling Savior as one who testifies of that which he himself has seen, and the virtue of which he, by experience, knows.

When such a man speaks, difficulties hitherto insuperable melt away; the cold heart burns with a love, which believes all things to be possible in Christ, and which, because it so believes, dares to step out on the divine promises, to face, if need be, a frowning world. That, friends, is the gospel of the risen Christ—our gospel and our entrusted message.

Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

Walking with Jesus. (Col. ii: 6, 7; Gal. v: 16–26.)

Topic for April 21st.

The Bible is literature; but it is more than literature. The fascination of a book may be in its style, its poetic expression, or its word-painting. Another book with precisely the same thought, otherwise expressed, may secure very little attention. The charm and the power of any book ought to be the touch it gives us of some great truth. We read much where it is evident that the main effort of the writer is to produce a style which will hold our attention and draw out our praise. We go through many volumes as we do some houses with their outlying grounds, saying to ourselves, "How beautiful! How artistic!" Perhaps we scarcely ask what sort of a home is there. This may do for mere visitors, but if we are to make it our dwelling-place the chief inquiry must be of the kind of home that delightful estate will afford.

In a large sense the Bible is the home of the soul. Its value is in its own soul. Paul, who, we may believe, was a good judge of literature, wrote to the Corinthians, "The letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." In this he was but echoing the statement of that better Judge who told his hearers, "The words that I have spoken unto you are spirit and are life." As men are observed, it may be seen that few mistakes are more fatal to a personal hunger after righteousness than to use the Bible chiefly as a book of literature. Peter declares that we have this book because "men spake from God, being moved by the Holy Ghost." If the Bible is indeed the book of the Holy Spirit, it must be read and studied with our dominant thought being that we are pursuing what the Spirit of God desires to communicate to us. Our very life depends upon our receiving the truth thus conveyed.

* * *

It is this fact which ought to govern our use of the topic and its reference before the Endeavorers this week. Walking with Jesus is not a poetic ideal or a figure of speech used for purposes of attraction. There is a vital truth here which greatly concerns our Christian life. There is nothing more common or constant with us than walking. It is almost the first thing we do in life which assures our friends that we are properly equipped for taking our place in the world into which we have come. It is about the last thing we give up before we go out of the world. Perhaps nothing could more vividly represent the idea of constancy in Christian experience and effort than this word "walking." Nothing is to begin earlier or last longer or be in more constant use than the companionship with Jesus Christ. Probably with every well developed Christian, the most intense realization of his life with God rarely comes in meetings or during the performance of any public or formal religious exercises; but during the hours of common, quiet, daily life.

* * *

This, then, is to be our aim in maturing ourselves as disciples of Jesus Christ. I say our aim, because this kind of experience is not likely to be attained at once. The young convert, however enthusiastic, is a long way

off from the best things in Christian life. It is no evidence of insincerity or unsoundness if a young Christian cannot honestly say he is walking with Jesus. This conscious, inspiring, and often unspeakable presence of our Lord with us, as one friend walks along a path with another, is a condition into which we grow. It is one of the rewards of faithfulness. It is one of the results of duty conscientiously performed, of privileges carefully improved and of opportunities eagerly sought and used. It requires a lifetime to develop this experience to its maturity. It may, indeed, begin when our Christian career is entered, but it is to grow richer and more complete every year, and on forever.

* * *

Perhaps the present incompleteness of the Christian religion is nowhere more obvious than in the fact that not the large membership of our churches show this feature in their lives as the years pass on. Not the great body of Christians talk and live as if their chief companion, in the passing of time, is Jesus. We are yet in the infancy of the Christian life upon this earth, although the centuries are so many since our Lord was here. It is relatively rare to meet those who, unconsciously to themselves, show that their constant associate is the Master. But it will not always be so, and it need not be so with any of us now. The great persuasion by which the world is to be drawn to the Christ lifted up has not very generally appeared yet. It will be here, and will be irresistible when the great body of disciples, as a mass, so live that the daily association with Jesus will impress itself upon every acquaintance. The most of us are so constituted that we cannot have more than one absorbing, life-consuming friendship. When you and I are willing to give ourselves, as we may, to personal culture in the knowledge and habits of this Christian life, the friend who will come to absorb our affection and receive all our loyalty will be Jesus. Then we shall walk with him.

Control Your Thoughts.

Until you have learned to control your thoughts you will never be able to live a godly and righteous life. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he, and it is because the thoughts that we entertain in the hostelry of the soul are such worthless and vain ones that our words and acts often bring so heavy disgrace on the name we love. Well might the wise man say: "Keep thy heart above all keeping, for out of it are the issues of life."

When the heart is right the ear and the eye and the mouth and the foot will necessarily obey its promptings; but when the heart is wrong, filled with tides of ink, like the cuttle-fish, it will envelop itself in the impurity to which it gives vents. * * * If you habitually permit evil things to have their right of way through you, or lodging within you, remember that, in God's sight, you are held equally guilty with those that indulge in evil acts, because you are withheld, not by your fear of him, but by your desire to maintain your position among men.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

No Half-Crowns in Heaven.

One bitter night, when the wind was blowing and the snow pelting, a dear old lady was on her way to a class-meeting, when she met the squire, who said to her, "Where are you going this boisterous night? You ought to be at home by your own fireside." "I am going to class-meeting," she said. "Class-meeting!" said the squire; "I would not go to a class-meeting on a night like this for a half-crown." Neither would I go for a half-crown," said the old lady; "the Lord does not give half-crowns, but whole ones."—The Religious Telescope.

Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

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The Study of Foreign Missions.

A central committee on the study of foreign missions, appointed by the world's committee in connection with the Ecumenical Conference last year, prepared recently a series of six lessons on Christian missions in the nineteenth century, as preliminary to a course of study to cover, perhaps, seven years.

The course to begin in January, 1902, will cover mission work from the time of the apostles to the close of the eighteenth century. It has been recommended that the plan be tried at least for one year.

The program for the preliminary course we give herewith:

1. Awakening and Beginnings.
2. The Century in India.
3. The Century in China.
4. The Century in Japan.
5. The Century in Africa.
6. Opportunities and Coming Conflict of the Twentieth Century.

TEXT BOOKS.

Report of the Foreign Missionary Ecumenical Conference of 1900.

Concise History of Missions, by Rev. E. M. Bliss, D.D.

Supplementary leaflets, furnished by each Missionary Board.

Note.—If a longer course of study be desired, the subheadings of the several programs can be used as separate lessons.

AWAKENING AND BEGINNINGS.

Key-note: "The Blood of the Martyrs Is the Seed of the Church." Five-minute papers on:

(a) Christian Friedrich Schwarts, the Morning Star of a Missionary Century.

(b) William Carey, the Father of Foreign Missionary Societies.

(c) Henry Martyn, the Scholar Missionary.

(d) Adoniram Judson and the Haystack Band.

(e) Hiram Bingham and the Sandwich Islands.

(f) John Williams, the Martyr of Erromanga.

(g) John Coleridge Paterson, the Martyr of Melanesia.

(h) The Martyrs of Uganda.

(i) The Martyrs of China.

Twenty minutes' review, by decades, mentioning salient points in each. If the list given seems too long, selections could be made as desired.

BOOKS OF REFERENCES.

1. Pioneers and Founders, by Miss C. M. Yonge, published by Macmillan & Co., London and New York.

2. A Century of Missionary Martyrs, by Rev. S. F. Harris, published by James Nisbet & Co., London.

3. Great Missionaries of the Church, by Rev. C. C. Creegan, D.D., and Mrs. J. A. B. Goodnow, published by Thos. Y. Crowell & Co., New York.

4. A Hundred Years of Missions, by Rev. D. L. Leonard, published by Funk & Wagnalls, New York.

5. The Crisis of Missions, by Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D., published by Baker & Taylor Co., New York.

6. Transformation of Hawaii, by Belle M. Brain, published by Fleming H. Revell, New York.

Foreign Work at Home.

The subject which has been assigned me, "Work Among the Spanish-speaking Population of Southern California," is comparatively new; in fact, to myself, it was entirely so till a few weeks ago, when asked to present the subject to you today. From the leaflets obtained, I have gathered the information relating to the progress of the work which I present. To me, the subject is especially interesting from the fact that the first six months of my life in California was spent in Santa Barbara, at that time (1863) almost a Spanish town, there being not more than ten American families in the place Coming from the life of an Eastern city everything was so strange. There were no churches except the Catholic, no sounds of busy industries, no whistle of engine or factory, and the dreamy quiet was only broken by the surf on the beach, or the sound of the bells from the old Mission, whose tones came with a sort of music from the hills back of the town. The adobe buildings with their tin roofs, the old Franciscan friars from the Mission with their long gray robes and sandaled feet, coming one day in each month for alms, the Spanish women hurrying to mass with their head covering of lace mantilla or shawl, the strange but musical Spanish language, all gave a kind of romance to my life there, and an interest which has been continued during all these years.

In order to better understand the situation of the people let us glance for a moment at their past and present condition. The Spanish-speaking population of California is about 40,000. Fifty years ago Southern California was entirely in their possession. They were enjoying undisturbed their own land, law and customs. They have seen the Protestant English-speaking race come in upon them, wave after wave of immigration, until they have been almost overwhelmed by the flood. Their possessions have largely passed into other hands, and with few exceptions they are reduced to poverty and even distress.

In their business and commercial life they have been crowded to the wall by the shrewdness of the Anglo-Saxon. From being the owners of the richest lands from San Francisco to San Diego, they became in twenty-five years tenants at will to the Americans who had out-bargained them. You may say they were given educational privileges; yes, but the teaching was in a foreign tongue, and given by teachers foreign in traits, tastes and training. They feel that they are considered of little importance by the Americans, and their natural pride resents this and causes them to cling closer to one another, their own language and customs. If the temporal condition of these people should rouse our interest, let us also think of their spiritual needs. Few of them are really acquainted with the Gospel. In the times of the mission fathers their religious welfare was looked after with a commendable degree of faithfulness. Now the care of the Roman Church is mainly given to the English-speaking population. In many places where there is a considerable population of Spanish their language is not used in the Catholic service, except on rare occasions. One man said, "I went to church. The mass was in Latin, the preaching in English. I understood nothing, and came away fasting." Very few have any church relations, and they and their children are drifting away from all thought or care for eternal things. It seems strange that the Protestant Christians of California attempted so little for the people right at their door. One of our Congregational missionaries says on this subject, "An experience of eleven years in the foreign field at no time brought me into contact with greater needs, or more urgent opportunities, than I have met in connection with my work in California."

In 1896, five years ago, Rev. A. B. Case, who had been a missionary in Old Mexico under the American Board, was obliged to return to Southern California owing to the illness of his wife. He began at once to work among the neglected Spanish population. From this simple beginning regular work was established within a year at five different points—Redlands, Chino, Santa Ana, San Bernardino—besides occasional services at other places. The work has greatly increased since that time, and I have taken the following facts from a little paper called "The Spanish Evangel," showing something of what has been done.

A Spanish Missionary Society has been organized with regularly appointed officers, which enters a field occupied by no other society. The work is entirely interdenominational, as it would be unwise for different churches in one place of ordinary size to each undertake independent work. The aim is to let some one church of the town be given the special responsibility there, and all others co-operate. The officers are chosen from all the evangelical denominations—Congregational, Baptist, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Society of Friends. Evangelical literature is to be scattered freely among the Spanish, and an effort made to give the Bible a place in all their homes. At Redlands the work was begun by the Epworth League. At Santa Ana meetings are held and a Sunday-school established in connection with the Congregational church. Work was begun also at San Bernardino, under the direction of the Congregational church. All the services are in Spanish. The stereopticon is largely used to attract and interest the people—usually on Sunday evenings. On Sunday mornings the teaching of simple gospel truth is the important feature. At Chino there is a large factory, and hundreds of Spanish gather there during the beet season, and are a rare opportunity is found for reaching the people with the gospel.

The work has been such a success and the calls for workers so urgent that a Spanish Training School was decided upon, and in September of last year it was formally opened at Los Angeles. It was wonderful to read in the "Evangel" how the furnishing for the school was obtained. One lady in Oakland sent $15. The King's Daughters of Glen Dale sent a gold piece and bedding. An old lady in Pasadena sent $15 as an offering on her seventy-third birthday. The Pomona Sunday-school furnished one room, the Olivet Congregational church of Los Angeles another, and so on. Since that time (in December), ten acres of land in Hyde Park, a suburb of Los Angeles, has been given as a location for a new building for a Missionary Headquarters and Training School, by Capt. and Mrs. Clark of that city, and $2,000 pledged for the new building. Eleven students have been enrolled, and considerable progress has been made in the study of the language. It is designed to give much attention to the practical use of the Spanish Scriptures. God's blessing has attended this enterprise in a wonderful manner, and the work is largely increasing. Five Spanish-speaking members have been received into the church at Pomona and in Los Nietos public meetings have been held and forty-two visits made to families; at Ventura the Sunday-school is well attended, and at the mission church of El Rio twenty-six new members have been received.

Many more instances might be given, but time forbids. Enough has been given to show the importance of the work, and the wonderful opportunity of bringing the gospel to elevate and save the needy souls in our own State. In view of this may we not hope that "A little one shall become a thousand and a small one a strong nation. I the Lord will hasten it in his time."

Church News.

Northern California.

San Francisco, Third.—Seventeen persons were received into membership Sunday morning.

San Francisco, Pierce Street.—The selling of the present location and the purchase of a lot on Union Street is contemplated.

Oakland, Second.—The pastor, Rev. J. W. Phillips, reports the best Easter in this church during the present pastorate, which began in 1897.

Fruitvale.—Eight persons were welcomed into fellowship on Sunday on confession of faith. This makes nineteen received on confession since January 1st.

Alameda.—The pastor reports the best Easter during sixteen years—the hardest, in some respects, and yet the best and most pleasant. Four children were baptized, and two persons were received to membership, one on confession of faith.

Suisun.—Arrangements have been made with Mr. Edmund Owens, a Pacific Seminary student, to have charge of the work during the summer. Mr. Owens graduates from the Seminary this year, but plans to take post-graduate studies next year.

San Francisco, Park.—The work goes on encouragingly. Sunday-school attendance is good. There is a lack of teachers. Last Sunday there were five teachers for nearly an hundred scholars. One class has had a different teacher every Sunday for four months.

Oakland, First.—Sixty-one new members were received at the Easter communion, forty-four on confession of faith. The pastor is giving a series of talks at the prayer-meetings on Genesis, preparatory to the Old Testament Sunday-school lessons next quarter.

San Lorenzo.—This church had an especially good day Easter Sunday; in the morning a sermon by the pastor, and much extra music. The house was well filled. The evening service was by the children of the Sunday-school, using a Tullar & Meredith responsive exercise.

Ocean View.—Ocean View church had good Easter services, with a large attendance. At the morning service one adult and eight Sunday-school scholars united with the church. The evening service was given over to the children, who sang their songs and recited their pieces very creditably. Several of the friends from Colma were present and helped to make the services brighter.

Southern California.

Saticoy.—This church has become pastorless by the resignation of Rev. B. F. Hewlett, who has ministered to its congregation during the past year. It is understood that for the present he takes up his abode in Pomona.

Bethlehem, Los Angeles.—This church adds to its already multiplied services, preaching in German every Tuesday evening by Rev. L. Schaefle, and a Spanish service every Thursday evening, conducted by the Spanish Christians of that neighborhood.

Hyde Park.—As a result of evangelistic meetings, in which the pastor, Rev. J. M. Schaefle, has been assisted by Revs. Habbick of Redondo and Lamb of Olivet, at Los Angeles, ten new members were proposed for admission to the church on the first Sabbath of April.

Los Angeles, East.—On Easter Sunday ten members were received into the church, six of these on confession of faith. One who came by letter was a mother in Israel, ninety-two years of age. With her came her daughter, also by letter, and three granddaughters on confession of faith. The aged grandmother was moved to change her church connection, that she might join hands with her grandchildren in their public confession of Christ. This church has recently adopted a method for the disposition of its benevolent contributions that may be followed to advantage by other churches. It has appointed a Treasurer of Benevolences—one of its deacons—who is to receive, record and transmit to its proper destination all contributions for charitable purposes, whether made by the congregation as a body or by the Sabbath-school or the Y. P. S. C. E., or any other society auxiliary to the church. This method, in the care of a suitable treasurer, will make it easy for the church to render a prompt and accurate account of its benevolent contributions when needed for the Year Book or for the minutes of our General Association.

Los Angeles, Park.—An annual missionary meeting, held near the close of March, furnished a test of the value of a plan adopted a year ago for missionary collections. By this plan, the members of the church were asked to subscribe definite sums, to be paid during the year, for the benevolent work of our churches. Boxes or barrels were furnished to all who would accept them, whether they had made subscription or not, in which to deposit at intervals during the year their offerings—each contributor to have the privilege of designating, if he wished, to what objects his contributions should be appropriated. For the annual meeting an attractive program was prepared of music and addresses, the box and barrel opening being heralded as the important event of the evening. The people came in large numbers and were deeply interested in the exercises. Special offerings were made in addition to the proceeds of the boxes. Next in order came pledges for the coming year in answer to the inquiries, How many will give twenty dollars? how many ten? how many five? and so forth. The result of the first year's trial of this plan was an increase of one hundred per cent over the receipts of previous years.

Children's Day.

The Children's Day exercises have arrived, and a sufficient stock is on hand, at the Congregational Rooms, Y. M. C. A. Building, to supply all the Sunday-schools. Samples have been sent to the pastors and to many of the Superintendents. If, for any reason, they are not received, others will be sent at once upon receiving a notice to that effect at this office. The title of the service is "Looking Forward." The songs and recitations are excellent and appropriate. We are looking forward to an increased missionary work, to a larger growth of God's kingdom on earth, to the exaltation of God's name among men and a greater work among the children.

The second Sunday of June is the regular time for the observance of this day, but in California the third Sunday of May has been chosen. As the supplies are here in season, it may be observed at that time, or sooner if desired. Envelopes for the contribution will be sent with

the supplies and also furnished to schools using their own program. The contribution last year was an advance over the previous year, and we are looking forward to a still larger sum. Nearly all the schools remembered the day last year. Is it not possible for every one this year to participate in the pleasure of aiding this work? The day may be made one of great benefit to the school, the parents and the children. A time for dedicating the little ones by baptism, and also a day for decision, when some of the older scholars may decide for the Master.

Washington Letter.

By I. Learned.

We have omitted in our former letter to chronicle the passing away of Rev. Edwin P. Dada on the 18th of March. He came to this Coast from Nebraska about five years ago with the purpose of spending his later years in this milder climate. After a few months he became pastor of the Columbia City church, where he remained for more than two years. We never saw him or heard him in the fullness of his physical strength, but he came among us in the spirit and power of his Master and in all his ministrations was very effective for good. His very presence in any company brought peace and his every expression was one of love and great joy. Thus he left us and we all knew that when among his last words to a brother minister he said, "It is all right," that he begun to see visions of the heavenly home.

The series of meetings held at Priest river, Idaho, by Missionary A. R. Johnson, assisted by Pastor Krause of Hillyard, Wash., resulted, on the 24th of March, in the organization of a church of seventeen members, five of whom had never before been connected with a church of any denomination. Four others had purposed to unite with these, but were detained on account of sickness. Of the twenty-one two had been connected with a Congregational church, two with Presbyterian, three with Methodist, four with Lutheran, two Salvation Army and eight with no previous profession. The Council Manual was adopted. This new organization are already planning to build on lots which have been promised in a very central location in the town.

An Ecclesiastical Council was convened on the 28th of March with the Ferndale church, agreeably to letters missive to consider the dismissal from the pastorate of that church of Rev. Oliver S. Haines, that he might accept the call of the church at Pataha City. The churches of New Whatcom and Blaine were invited together with Rev. J. D. Kingsbury, D.D., and Rev. Samuel Greene. Upon the organization of the Council it was found that the action of both pastor and church had been regular and that the contemplated change on the part of Brother Haines was on account of a hope that his health might be benefited thereby. The Council gave hearty commendation to Brother Haines and extended its fullest sympathy to the church in its loss.

Rev. Alexander Brady has accepted the call to Marysville and is already at work.

Rev. W. A. Arnold has gone to Cathlamet and expects to accept their call.

Superintendent Greene has been instructed by the C. S. S. & P. S. to take supervision of the Sunday-school Missionary work in Southeastern Alaska, and has called Rev. Asa B. Snider of New Whatcom to become the Society's missionary in that district for six months.

Brother Snider has resigned the pastorate of the church at New Whatcom and accepts the mission to Alaska and sails next week. His church gave him a parting reception on Friday, April 5th, and he closes his work with them on Easter Sunday. Dr. Kingsbury will be with this church on the 14th.

He spends Sunday, the 7th, with our church at Tekoa, and the following week in attendance for three days with the Association of Eastern Washington and Northern Idaho. Superintendent Greene will be with the Kalama church on Easter.

Seattle, April 6th.

Oregon Letter.

By George H. Himes.

Through an inadvertent slip of the pen I was made to say in my last letter that East Willamette Association would meet in Salem, April 23d-24th. I should have given Albany as the place of meeting. The Mid-Columbia Association will meet at Condon, April 20th, 21st and 22d.

The Multnomah County Sunday-school Association, in co-operation with Mr. and Mrs. James Edmunds, Sunday-school missionaries for Oregon and Washington, and Rev. C. A. Dotson, the new field worker of the Oregon Sunday-school Association, has arranged for a mass-meeting of Sunday-school workers to be held at the Baptist church, in this city, on April 14th. An institute for Sunday-school workers will be held daily except Saturday for the rest of the week.

The Annual convention of the Oregon State Sunday-school Association will be held in Salem, May 14th, 15th, and 16th. Mr. C. D. Meigs, a prominent Sunday-school worker from St. Louis, Mo., will be there.

The service at the First church last Sunday night, at which Sir John Stainer's famous oratorio, "The Crucifixion," was most admirably rendered by the choir of sixteen voices, was one long to be remembered. The appeal by the pastor, urging all to confess Christ and square their lives by his precepts, re-enforced the teachings of the sublime composition in a most striking way. And then to learn the next morning that at the very time the service was going on the author was passing to his eternal home, at his residence in London, England, renewed the impressiveness of the occasion, as nothing else could have done.

Last week an offer of $100,000 was made by Andrew Carnegie for the establishment of a free library in this city, providing an adequate sum for its maintenance is secured. What will be done in the premises is a matter of conjecture, although there is reason to believe that an effort will be made to secure the proposed gift.

Arrangements are being made under the auspices of the Oregon Historical Society for the appropriate celebration of the fifty-eighth anniversary of the organization of the first civil government west of the Rocky Mountains. This event took place at the village of Champoeg, on the east bank of the Willamette river, about thirty-five miles south of this city, on May 2, 1843. One hundred and two persons were present, fifty-two voting in favor of the organization and fifty against it. One of the features of the celebration will be the dedication of a monument in honor of the event, upon which will be inscribed the names of fifty-one of the fifty-two who voted in the affirmative. So far as known there is but one survivor of that memorable company of men—Mr. Francois Xavier Matthieu, who came to Oregon in 1842. He was born in Canada in 1818, but came into the United States in 1838, and for a number of years was engaged in the Rocky Mountain fur trade before coming to Oregon. During his long residence here he has been a most useful and exemplary citizen, whose kindness of heart and generous hospitality has been visited upon countless numbers. Since 1846 he has been a tiller of the soil, although for a number of years he followed merchandising in addition. He has reared a large family, fourteen chil-

dren in all, giving them good educations. While nominally a Roman Catholic, his independent spirit has never been made subordinate by the restrictive methods so characteristic of that religious body.

Easter day dawned upon us with a promise of fine weather, and it has been all that the most hypercritical could ask in this latitude. There is a tradition in vogue that it sometimes rains in Oregon. However that may be, for the last two weeks it has been something more than a tradition. Yet there is no occasion for any apologies. There is rich promise in field and orchard, as the fragrant fruit blooms and the green of early vegetation everywhere abounds. And as these lines are being written the glow of the evening sunset on Mounts Hood, Adams, St. Helens and Rainier fills one's souls with praise and gratitude to the giver of every good and perfect gift for making so beautiful a world and surrounding his children with so many evidences of his divine favor. With such a multitude of mercies surrounding us, how can we come so far short in rendering unto our Father that obedience which is incumbent upon us?

Portland, April 7, 1901.

Married.

NEILSON—CLINES.—At the home of the bride, in San Lorenzo, California, Tuesday, April 2, 1901, by the Rev. F. F. Pearse, Mr. Theodore Neilson and Miss Nellie Clines, both of San Lorenzo.

Serving by Suffering.

Sickness is discouraging. It is disheartening not to be able to do the heroic things that the spirit yearns to do. Life seems to be useless. The days seem lost in which no active service can be done for the Master. Sometimes persons suffering thus from illness, laid aside or broken so as to be equal to but little, lose out of the heart the joy, the peace, the hope, the enthusiasm, and become depressed, unhappy, cast down, sometimes almost despairing.

But this is not victorious Christian life. The lesson for such is that the noblest thing in life is always the doing of God's will. That is greater than any heroism, greater than the largest service one can render, greater than any toil and sacrifice. Let us accept our limitations. Let us not repine and chafe when God shuts us in a sick room. Do not let us fret and waste our life in needless discontent when we cannot do the things we want to do and that seem to be done by us. The highest duty of our life amid the limitations of ill-health or physical feebleness is to keep our spiritual condition right.—Selected.

Making Money For God.

The Hon. Alpheus Hardy, the princely benefactor of countless good causes, who educated the great Japanese Christian, Dr. Joseph Hardy Nesima, once told the following thrilling story of his experiences to the Psi Upsilon Society at Amherst College, of which he had just been an honorary member:

"I am not a college man, and it was the bitter disappointment of my life that I could not be one. I wanted to go to college and become a minister; went to Philips Academy to fit. My health broke down, and in spite of my determined hope of being able to go on, at last the truth was forced on me that I could not.

"To tell my disappointment is impossible. It seemed as if all my hope and purpose in life were defeated. 'I cannot be God's minister,' was the sentence that kept rolling through my mind.

"When that fact at last became certain to me one morning, alone in my room, my distress was so great th t I threw myself flat on the floor. The voiceless cry of my soul was, 'O God, I cannot be thy minister!' Then there came to me, as I lay, a vision, a new hope, a perception that I could serve God in business with the same devotion as in preaching, and that to make money for God might be my sacred calling. The vision of this service, and its nature as a sacred ministry, were so clear and joyous that I rose to my feet, and, with new hope in my heart, exclaimed aloud, 'O God, I can be thy minister! I will go back to Boston. I will make money for God, and that shall be my ministry!'

"From that time I have felt myself as much appointed and ordained to make money for God as if I had been permitted to carry out my own plan and been ordained to preach the gospel. I am God's man, and the ministry to which God has called me is to make and administer money for him, and I consider myself responsible to discharge this ministry and to give account of it to him."—Christian Endeavor World.

The Obelisk and the Well.

There is an Oriental story of two brothers, Ahmed and Omar. Both wished to perform a deed whose memory should not fail, but which, as the years rolled on, might sound their name and praises far abroad. Omar, with wedge and rope, lifted a great obelisk on its base, carving its form in beautiful devices and sculpturing many a strange inscription on its sides. He set it in the hot desert to cope with its gales. Ahmed, with deeper wisdom and truer though sadder hearth, digged a well to cheer the sandy waste, and planted about it tall date-palms, to make cool shade for the thirsty pilgrim and to shake down fruits for his hunger.

These two deeds illustrate two ways in either of which we may live. We may think of self and worldly success and fame, living to make a name splendid as the tall sculptured obelisk, but as cold and useless to the world. Or we may make our life like a well in the desert, with cool shade about it, to give drink to the thirsty and shelter and refreshment to the weary and faint. Which of these two ways of living is the more Christlike is easy to decide.—Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D.

One of Mr. Whitefield's most devoted followers, Howell Harris by name, used to relate of himself that, being once on a journey through a district where he was not known, he was subject to great temptations to desert his Master's cause, when he said, "Satan, I'll match thee for this!" "And so I did," he used to add, "for I had not ridden many miles before I came to a revel, where there was a show of mountebanks, which I entered, and just as they were commencing I jumped into the midst of them and cried out, 'Let us pray,' which so thunderstruck them that they listened to me quietly while I preached a sermon that startled many of them into real anxiety for their souls."

Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst beautifully describes character in the following: "My character today is, for the most part, simply the resultant of all the thoughts I have ever had, of all the feelings I have cherished, and all the deeds I have ever performed. It is the entirety of my previous years packed and crystallized into the present moment. So that character is the quintessence of biography; so that everybody who knows my character—and there is no keeping character under cover—knows what for forty or more years I have been doing and thinking. Character is, for the most part, simply habit become fixed."—The Religious Telescope.

Our Boys and Girls.

The Old Musician.

Charles Francis Gounod, whose loss the musical world so deeply mourns, possessed a kind heart as well as the genius of a great composer. The following story told of him has the merit of being strictly true in every detail.

On Christmas evening, 1837, an old man with a stout stick walked slowly through the most fashionable quarter of Paris. His right arm pressed to his side an oblong object wrapped in a chequered cotton handkerchief. He was thinly clad, shivering, and emaciated. He was buffeted about by the skurrying crowds, apparently at a loss which way to turn. He untied the chequered handkerchief and disclosed a violin and bow. He raised the instrument, and started to play a sentimental strain, but the result was only harsh and inharmonious sounds. The street gamins chaffed him. With a sob he sank down upon the steps, resting the instrument upon his knees. "My God!" he cried, "I can no longer play!"

Three young men came down the street, singing a tune then popular among the students of the Conservaoff his hat, and a second stumbled against his leg. The toire de Musique. One of them accidentally knocked bare-headed old violinist rose proudly to his feet.

"Pardon, monsieur," said the third man. "I hope we did not hurt you." The speaker picked up the old man's hat.

"No," was the bitter answer.

The young man saw the violin.

"You are a musician?"

"I was one." Two great tears trickled down the old man's cheeks.

"What is the matter? Are you ill?"

The old man faltered for a moment, then held out his hat to them.

"Give me a trifle for the love of God. I can no longer earn anything by my art. My fingers are stiff, and my daughter is dying of consumption and want."

Down in his pockets went each one of the trio. They were but poor students, and the result was only sixteen sous. This was the combined capital of the two. The third had only a cake of resin.

"This won't do," declared the one who had apologized for the accident. "We want more than that to relieve our fellow artist. A pull together will do it. You, Adolphe, take the violin and accompany Gustave, while I go round with the hat."

A ringing laugh was the answer.

They pulled their hats over their faces and turned up their coat collars to avoid recognition. Adolphe took the violin from the old man's trembling hands. Gustave straightened out his shoulders. In another moment the first notes of the "Carnival de Venice" were floating out upon the night air. Such masterful music did not customarily come from the instruments of street players. Windows of the palatial houses flew up, and heads were thrust out of the openings. Strollers coming down the street stopped, and those who had gone on retraced their steps. Soon a good-sized crowd had gathered. Gustave sang the favorite cavatina from "La Dame Blanche" in a manner that held the audience spellbound. It "rained money" when the song was finished.

"One more tune," whispered the treasurer of the enterprise. Bring out those bass notes of yours, Adolphe. I'll help you out with the baritone part, Gustave, my brave tenor. We'll finish up with the trio from "Guillaume Tell." And, mind, now, we're singing for the honor of the Conservatoire as well as for the sake of a brother artist."

The three young men played and sang as probaly they never played and sang in their after life. The most critical of the audiences were enthralled.

Life came back to the old man. He grasped his stick, and adapting it as a baton, used it with air of one having authority. He stood transfixed when they had done; his face lightened up, his eyes glistened.

The proceeds of the entertainment netted five hundred francs. Many of the wealthy listeners had thrown gold pieces into the old battered hat.

Then they gave him back his hat and its contents, and wrapped up the instrument in the old chequered handkerchief.

"Your names, your names," the old man gasped. "Give me your names that I may bless them on my deathbed."

"My name is Faith," said the first.

"And mine Hope," said the second.

"And mine Charity," said the treasurer of the enterprise.

"You do not even know mine," continued the old man, regaining his voice. "Ah! I might have been an impostor, but I am not. My name is Chapuce. For ten years I directed the orchestra of the opera at Strasburg. It was I who led in 'Guillaume Tell.' Since I left my native Alsace misfortune has followed me. With this money my daughter and I can go to the country and there she will regain her health, and I shall find a place to teach when she can no longer perform. You—all of you—will be truly great."

"Amen!" was the hearty response of the students, as they shook the good man's hand.

Despite their attempt at disguising, the young men had been recognized by one who afterwards told the tale.

They were known to fame in later years as Gustave Roger, the great tenor, Adolphe Herman, the great violinist, and Charles Gounod, the great composer.

So the old man's prophecy was fulfilled.

A Little Hindu Boy's Prayer.

A missionary lady had a little Hindu orphan named Shadi living with her. She had taught him about Jesus, and one night, when he was six years old, she said to him, "Now, pray a little prayer of your own." And what do you think Shadi's prayer was? It was a good prayer for any little child to make, for it was this: "Dear Jesus, make me like what you were when you were six years old."—Child's Gem.

Men of courage are wanted to stand in the front ranks of truth, to resist and hurl back the assaults of the enemy. Men with keen intellect are wanted to meet the sophistries of error and the subtle attacks of infidelity and skepticism. Men with fine business abilities are wanted to carry on the secular affairs of God's house. Men with wealth are wanted to lay money gifts upon the altar to forward the interests of Christ's kingdom. Holy men are wanted to witness for Christ in the face of his enemies. Men with eloquent tongues and burning hearts are wanted to go into all the dark places of the cities, into the purlieus of vice, into the homes of sin, to tell the story of the love of God and of the Cross of the Redeemer. Men of tender heart and loving sympathy and gentle touch are wanted to give comfort to the world's sorrow, to help other tempted men in their battles, to rescue the perishing out of their bondage.—J. R. Miller

KEEP THE WIRES UP.

Man's best life is dependent upon uninterrupted communication with its source—God. He who neglects regular prayer and Bible study is like a town whose telephone wires are down, and whose railroads and other means of communication with the outer world are cut off. A disused Bible is a wire down. Neglected prayer is a blockade of the main highway.

The hurry and rush of secular life that preclude daily intercourse with God are a Chinese wall of exclusion against God. The first and sure remedy against spiritual decline is to open up all the avenues of communication with God, and see that they are used.—The Sunday-school Times.

BRIEFS.

Six saloonkeepers of Cleveland, O., were arrested March 3d for violating the Sunday liquor law.

The motto of "The American Issue" is: "The only solution of the saloon problem is no saloon."

The railway companies of France are beginning to agitate the question of demanding total abstinence in their employees.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland is a total abstainer, and is the patroness of the total abstinence movement in the Low Countries.

Miss Helen Gould carries her religion with her. At every luncheon or banquet where she presides she invariably rises in her place and asks a blessing.

M. L. Flynn, druggist, of Muskogee, I. T., was, on Feb. 18th, sentenced by Judge Thomas to five years in the penitentiary for selling intoxicating liquors.

Faith is the link between God's fullness and strength and our emptiness and weakness.—Saphir.

How near must a person live to me to be my neighbor? Every person is near to you whom you can bless. He is nearest whom you can blest most.—Channing.

Let yourselves never think that you grow liberal in faith by believing less; always be sure that the liberality of faith can only come by believing more.—Phillips Brooks.

Dost thou doubt my power?
Dost thou question whether
We, my child, can bear it,
Thou and I together?
—S. J. Burke.

God will not call you to account for the four or five talents you have not received, but he will ask a strict account for the one which he has entrusted to you, and which is your special grace.—Guillore.

An anti-cigarette law passed by the New Hampshire legislature forbids the manufacture or sale of any form of cigarettes. It is also made an offense to give any minor a cigarette. Fines from $10 to $50 are provided for violation of the law.

They that believe have Christ in their hearts, heaven in their eye, and the world under their feet. God's Spirit is their guide, his word their rule, his fear their guard, his people their companions, his promises their cordials, holiness their way, and heaven their home. —Newton.

An ordinance has been adopted by the city council of Topeka, Kan., which will make it almost impossible for jointists to do business in that city. The ordinance makes it unlawful to treat a friend to a drink of liquor in a private house. A man is declared to be guilty of violating the ordinance if he is found in a place where liquor is sold. The ordinance does not require that an actual sale shall be proved. Heavy fines and imprisonment of thirty to 100 days in jail are the penalties for violations of the ordinance.

My Lady's Breakfast is Well Served

when the hot-bread, hot roll or muffin is Royal Baking Powder risen.

Stale bread for breakfast is barbarous; hot, yeast-risen rolls are dyspeptic.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

adds anti-dyspeptic qualities to the food and makes delicious hot-bread, hot biscuit, rolls, muffins or griddle cakes whose fragrance and beauty tempt the laggard morning appetite, and whose wholesome and nutritive qualities afford the highest sustenance for both brain and body.

The "Royal Baker and Pastry Cook"—containing over 800 most practical and valuable cooking receipts—free to every patron. Send postal card with your full address.

There are cheap baking powders, made from alum, but they are exceedingly harmful to health. Their astringent and cauterizing qualities add a dangerous element to food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 100 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK.

A WELL-SPENT LIFE.

In making much (and who can make too much?) of the death of Jesus—that death in which we find eternal life—many forget the importance of the life of Christ. He must have lived that life before he could die such a death as would enable him to become our Savior. He must have passed unscathed through all temptation; he must have fulfilled all duties perfectly; he must have been holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners; he must have lived by faith upon his Father; he must have proved himself sinless before he could die for sinners, the just for the unjust, that he might bring them to God.

A minister of the gospel was asked to visit a poor, dying woman. The messenger, being ignorant, could give no account of her state, except that she was a very good woman and very happy, and was now at the end of a well-spent life; therefore, sure of going to heaven. The minister went, saw she was very ill, and after a few kindly inquiries about her bodily condition said: "Well, I understand you are in a very peaceful state of mind, depending upon a well-spent life." The dying woman looked hard at him, and said, "Yes; I am in the enjoyment of peace, and that from a well-spent life, but it is the well-spent life of Jesus—not my doings, but his; not my merits, but his blood." It was by such a death of Christ, ending such a life, that we are saved.—The Quiver.

TAKE TIME.

Take time to breathe a morning prayer, asking God to keep you from evil and to use you for his glory during the day.

2. Take time to read a few verses from God's Word each day.

3. Take time to be pleasant. A bright smile and a pleasant word fall like sunshine upon the hearts of those about us.

4. Take time to be polite. A gentle "I thank you," "If you please," "Excuse me," etc., even to an inferior, is no compromise of dignity.

5. Take time to be patient with children. Patience and kindness will open a way for good influence over almost any child.

6. Take time to be thoughtful about the aged. Respect gray hairs, even if they crown the head of a beggar.

7. Take time to think about something besides pleasure, dress, and fashion. To adorn the body at the expense of dwarfing and pauperizing the soul is a fearful mistake.

8. Take time to choose your associates with care. There are other and higher things than outward appearance and pleasing address to be considered in the selection of an intimate friend.—Our Young Folks.

CULLINGS.

There are no disappointments to those whose wills are buried in the will of God.—Faber.

Ever follow that which is good, both among yourselves, and to all men. I. Thess. v: 15.

It is a wise rule to take the world as we find it, not always to leave it so.—Rev. Homer Wilbur.

It is a dengerous thing to pray for a blessing unless you want it. —From the "Missionary Review."

A false report does not last long, and the life one leads is always the best apology of that which one has led.—St. Jerome.

Christmas comes but once a year. When it comes to stay with us, we shall make this earth a very different place.—Dickens.

I find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.—O. W. Homes.

Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil againsa you falsely, for my sake. Matt. v: 11.

Thou hadst better be but as a hole in the shutter through which a ray streams, than a dull, opaque egoist, blocking the passage of the light.

The Anti-Saloon League still keeps up a brisk warfare in Ohio, and will probably cut considerable figure in the politics of that state this year.

Weak Girls

Parents, look to the health of your daughters as they approach that perilous period of their lives when they undergo that marvelous transformation from girlhood to womanhood. Guard them closely, their whole future depends upon the care you give them. The system is weakened by the changes that are taking place, and it is often at this stage that the deadly consumption fastens upon its victims. The cause of the majority of weaknesses of women can be traced to this critical period of the girl's life.

"About two years ago my daughter, who was then in her sixteenth year, was in bad health. She was pale and thin, without strength or vitality, in fact her condition was that which is generally called all run down. We were, of course, worried about her, and employed the best physicians to attend her. They studied her case and although they did everything possible, gave her no relief which was permanent. The late Dr. Angel had first called my attention to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and my wife had heard they were a fine tonic, so we decided to try them for my daughter. We did so, and inside of eight weeks the primary cause of her trouble was removed and she showed a decided gain in health, strength and flesh.

"A great many people will buy a medicine and take a few doses. Then if they are not cured they throw it aside as no good, or take it spasmodically. We believed in a fair trial in strict accordance with directions and our faithfulness was rewarded, for she was greatly benefited by them. Her color came to her cheeks and she continued to gain in weight and strength. So you see both myself and my wife believe in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and have found them a wonderful medicine. We have told a great many people about them and have been glad to do so."

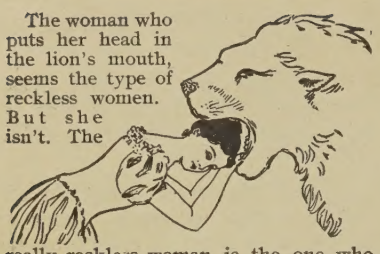
(Signed) GEORGE LOUCKS, 91 Lincoln Ave., Cortland, N. Y.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 20th day of June, 1900.

F. C. PARSONS, *Notary Public.*

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.



The woman who puts her head in the lion's mouth, seems the type of reckless women. But she isn't. The really reckless woman is the one who braves Nature day after day, by neglect of the health of the delicate womanly organs. "Crime and punishment blossom on one stem" says Emerson. When the cycle of self-neglect is complete it includes the pains and sufferings which are the inevitable penalties inflicted by outraged Nature. The drain which today is counted an inconvenience, becomes in succeeding days a horrible and offensive stigma. The passing depression of an hour grows into a permanent melancholy.

The timely use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will save young women from suffering, as it will cure those who through neglect have become martyrs after marriage. No woman who suffers with backache, pain in the side, bearing down pains, debilitating drains, ulceration or inflammation, should delay another day the use of "Favorite Prescription." Its use *helps* every woman and *heals* ninety-eight per cent. of all who give it a fair trial. It contains no opium, cocaine or other narcotic.

"I was tempted to try your medicines after seeing the effect upon my mother," writes Mrs. Flora Arn, of Dallas, Jackson Co., Mo. "At an early stage of married life I was greatly bothered with painful periods, also a troublesome drain which rendered me very weak and unfit for work of any kind. I became so thin there was nothing left of me but skin and bone. My husband became alarmed and got me a bottle of 'Favorite Prescription.' After he saw the wonderful effects of that one he got me two more, and after I used those up there was no more pain, and I began to gain in flesh very rapidly. I believe I weigh twice as much as I did then, and can do all of my work. I think I owe all praise to Dr. Pierce and his wonderful curative medicines."

Doctor Pierce's Pellets are specially adapted to the needs of delicate women.

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San Francisco.

DON'T BE CROSS.

Dick came down to breakfast in a very bad humor. He had not combed his hair, nor even washed his face.

"What is the matter, Dick?" said mamma, pleasantly, "why do you come down stairs looking so untidy?"

"The water is cold," grumbled Dick, "and the comb pulls my hair. I don't feel like bothering with them.

"Very well," said mamma; "then do as you please."

"I'm hungry," said Dick, and he sat down at the table.

Mamma did not pay any attention to him. She went on eating breakfast and talking to papa.

"I want my breakfast," said Dick, crossly.

"But I don't feel like giving any breakfast to an untidy, cross boy," said mamma. "If you like to act in that way, you can do as you please. But I do not please to wait on a boy who acts so badly. Be a little gentleman, and then you can have your breakfast." That cured Dick.—Selected.

"Morrison, the first missionary to China, standing on the deck of the ship that bears him to a strange and hostile world. 'Do you think,' says the captain, 'that you will make an impression upon 400,000,000 Chinese?' 'No, sir,' is the reply; 'but I believe that God will.' That is faith."

If you Feel Depressed

Use Horsford's Acid Phosphate.

Dr. W. E. PITMAN, Lynchburg, Va., says: "I have used it in nervous depression and dyspeptic troubles, with good results."

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GET Macbeth's "pearl top" and "pearl glass" lamp-chimneys; they are made of tough glass, tough against heat; they do not break in use; they do from accident.

They are clear, transparent, not misty. Look at your chimney. How much of the light is lost in the fog?

Be willing to pay a little more.

Our "Index" describes *all* lamps and their *proper* chimneys. With it you can always order the right size and shape of chimney for any lamp. We mail it FREE to any one who writes for it.

Address MACBETH, Pittsburgh, Pa.

NEWSPAPER ADVERTISING.

Perhaps the oldest "ad" on record in England is a "Lost, Stolen or Strayed" inquiry in a newspaper in 1660 by King Charles II for a little dog which had wandered from his majesty's palace. It would be a low estimate now to put the amount of money spent for advertising in the world at $150,000,000. France alone spends about $25,000,000.

There is nothing like prayer for producing calm self-possession. When the dust of business so fills your room that it threatens to choke you, sprinkle it with the water of prayer, and then you can cleanse it out with comfort and expedition.—Rev. James Stalker.

It was said of one that as he prayed he spoke as if God was near, and talked with him so really and confidingly, that those who were beside him found themselves almost looking around to see where God was.—Taylor.

The temperance reformers of Russia had an exhibit at the Paris Exposition.

OPEN ALL NIGHT. F. L. TURPIN, Proprietor Telephone MAIN 1535

ROYAL HOUSE
126 Ellis St.,
Near Y. M. C. A., San Francisco, Cal.
Between POWELL AND MASON STREETS.

Rooms to Let
BY THE
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ELEVATOR AND OFFICE ON GROUND FLOOR.

New fire-proof brick building, metallic fire escapes front and rear. Every room new and furnished complete with spring beds and hair mattresses. First-class reading room and ladies parlor. All the daily papers. **Rooms, per night, 35c. to $1.50; per week, $2 to $9; per month, $8 to $30.**

LADIES' PARLOR.

All Market Street Cars run within one block of the House. Ellis Street Cars pass the door